

AUGUST 1937



The American
LEGION



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for aromatic angelico.



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THE GIN WITH THE INTERNATIONAL FLAVOR

Gin

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Invitation

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... welcome, welcome... *wait till you see the show we're putting on for you!*



For God and country, we associate ourselves together for the following purposes: To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a one hundred percent Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the Great War; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy; to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness.—Preamble to the Constitution of The American Legion.

AUGUST, 1937

The American LEGION MAGAZINE

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IT WON'T be long now. Less than sixty days. And then National Commander Colmery will bring down the gavel with a bang that will resound through Madison Square Garden and the Nineteenth National Convention of The American Legion will be on.

YOU will find considerable about the New York meeting in this issue. The president of the Fifth Avenue Association, himself a Legionnaire, throws that famous thoroughfare open to you. The governor of New York State, himself a Legionnaire, suggests you bear in mind the fact that there is considerable more to his commonwealth than the metropolis at the mouth of the Hudson, and invites you to come early and loiter by the way. Next month we hope to bring you a greeting from the mayor of New York City. Right—you took the words out of our mouth—himself a Legionnaire.

AFTER New York: Paris, Rome, and points thereabouts. The number of Legionnaires who plan to take advantage of the 1937 Foreign Pilgrimage is mounting daily. Already a plan is forming whereby some of the pilgrims will enter Europe via France and some by way of Italy, swapping places half-way through the trip and, for all we know, holding a kind of postponed convention somewhere at the foot of the Alps. Or perhaps even on top.

QUITE a few pilgrims are planning to revisit once familiar territory along the Rhine—Coblentz and the rest of the old Third Army area.

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PLEASE REPORT CHANGE OF ADDRESS

to Indianapolis office, including old and new addresses. Allow five weeks for change to become operative. An issue already mailed to old address will not be forwarded by post office unless subscriber sends extra postage to post office. Notifying this magazine well in advance of impending address change will obviate this expense.

Hudson Hawley's article on French and Italian cooking has recalled to many old A.E.F.-ers the fact that German cooking likewise goes to the right spot. Not that this Third A.E.F. is going to travel exclusively on its stomach. The 1937 tour will be a sentimental pilgrimage if there ever was one.

OLD subscribers will recall that it is the annual custom of our Wally to forecast, in every pre-convention issue of the magazine, just what the next convention will be all about. On these occasions Wally is allowed to spread himself to the extent of two pages. He's all set to do the right thing by New York in the September issue. Pretty liberal of him, considering that he's a Philadelphian.

AND while we're on the question of arts and crafts, may we announce that the September cover will display the most ingenious design that ever greeted a magazine reader. We don't say *one* of the most ingenious designs—we say *the* most ingenious design. If you don't agree with us after you've seen Forrest Crooks's handiwork, write us an indignant letter. It (the design, not your letter) will have to do entirely with the New York National Convention, too.

SPACE and time are almost gone, so kindly permit us to note once more the fact that the Nineteenth National Convention of The American Legion will be held in New York City, September 20th to 23d, both dates inclusive.

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Big Doings at

By
MAC KINLAY
KANTOR

DOBBS DEPOT

Illustrations
by
PAUL CHAPMAN



THE dusty sun of a Virginia afternoon slid drowsily through the open window of the warehouse, and Barney Ullman slid just as drowsily into his chair. It was a huge chair, and needed to be, for Barney Ullman weighed as much as a small howitzer, even without his high boots.

Into those smooth leather casings he had squeezed his gigantic extremities, at the onset of the war. According to irreverent superstition at Dobbs Depot, he had not taken them out since.

"Barney," called Sergeant Hewitt from the doorway.

Ullman grunted, without turning his pink head.

"Telegram came from the Junction. No train today. They couldn't get hold of an engine."

The sutler mumbled a blasphemy; his boots crashed to the littered floor. "Now, how do I go to Washington?"

"I reckon," said the sergeant, sweetly, "that you can walk. Or ride horseback. Or maybe sprout wings and fly. If no train comes over this afternoon, it's a tight cinch no train will be going back."

Ullman rubbed the damp wrinkles at the back of his inch-long neck. He was a grotesque rubber toad, excepting his eyes. They were pale and tiny, and seemed forever alive and planning something . . . "Then I go to Washington tomorrow."

The sergeant slapped dust from his blue shoulders. "You got important business with President Lincoln, maybe."

"To hell you can go," mumbled Ullman.

"If I ever do," said the unabashed



Her voice trembled as she asked,
"Are you Mr. Ullman?"

Hewitt, "I'll smell the fat frying out of you, long before I get to the front door." He retired across the timbered platform.

"And make your men unload that car from yesterday!" the sutler squealed after him.

Spread-eagled in the platform shade, their Springfields stacked beyond, the men of Sergeant Hewitt's guarding squad yawned and grinned up at their commander. They had been playing chuck-penny, but without much fervor. It was too comfortable in the shade, with summer droning and buzzing all around them.

"Boys," said Hewitt, "don't a one of you take orders from that big pork-pie! We don't have to unload no cars for him, and that's that. Our job is to guard this depot, not to wait hand-and-foot on no sutlers. I got the captain's word for it."

Private Gidding scratched his bare toe. His shoes and socks were cooling beside him. The squad had marched ten miles that morning. "He's got a lot of political power, the boys say . . ."

"I don't care what kind of power he's got," replied the wrathful sergeant. "He ain't an officer; he ain't even in the Army. He's getting rich off the toil of others, and off us soldiers. We don't take no orders from him—not unless General Grant himself comes and tells us to."

A youthful recruit asked, "Toil of others?"

"Certain. He only does a little traipsing around with a wagon-load of goods, himself. He's got other sutlers go out and work for him. He supplies 'em their goods, and takes a share of the profits. And he's mean as sin. Don't

take no cross words from Barney Ullman." Hewitt strode away past the long string of freight cars.

The men sighed and stretched.

"Sergeant's got more energy'n I've got today."

"I couldn't even get mad."

"This is my kind of job. . . ."

"Are we the only ones guarding this depot?"

"We're miles away from any rebels—don't need many guards, but I guess there's cavalry up on the hill. You can see some tents. . . ."

"Sneak in the back door of Ullman's warehouse, Charley, and bring out some bottled beer. It's in the first row, right inside the door. Nobody'll see you."

Charley said, "I'll match you heads or tails."

In the hot, smelly office, Barney Ullman did not know of the peril which faced his imported beer. He had lifted his leather legs to the desk once more; tilted back in his chair, he planned and considered slyly. No trip to Washington tonight, but he could wait. No duty called him there—only the desire for reward . . . He could wait for the reward, too. That young brigadier in the War Department office might pay better for what he was about to receive, if Barney were a day late in coming. So it was good.

Barney Ullman did not look like a man who was about to be captured; he did not look at all like a man who would die before night. Capture and death, both were very imminent. They rode toward him as fast as clean-shod Morgan horses could move . . .

He smiled contentedly to himself. Two thousand dollars at least, from old Rosen. He had not expected—

"Sir!" said a young and excited soldier, at the door.

Barney lifted his head, blinking. He was not accustomed to that salutation, much as he desired it.

"S o m e b o d y comes?" he grunted. Planning and thinking, like that . . . there had been wagon-wheels. Yes, he had heard wheels grinding.

They considered they were doing the thing up brown

"A lady, mister. Asking for you!"

The boots struck the floor. "A lady?"

"I'll git her," exclaimed the youth, and vanished.

Ullman watched the oblong of sunlight at the door. A lady. Ladies did not often come to Dobbs Depot. Perhaps an officer's wife, searching for needles or thread or perfume. Well, he had all those things—of the best. He would double the price, if this lady were a colonel's wife; he would triple the price, if this lady belonged to a general!

Beyond the rough platform, he could see a wagon and a rack-of-bones horse; a brown-faced country boy in a torn buttoned shirt sat with the reins in his hand and stared eagerly about him, feasting his eyes on the long pine buildings, the rows of burden-cars, the stacks of forage bags. Here was treasure such as few country boys ever saw—food, munitions, equipment, necessities and luxuries without end, heaped and piled with all the carelessness of war.

The lady was in the doorway; the gangling private came behind her, gun in hand. She was a small lady—scarcely more than a girl. Ullman's eyes slid over her, reaping excitement from the tiny, pale hands, the lithe and well-shaped body swathed in its flow of dignified silk. This woman was in mourning. No girl as pretty as she would be bewighted with black shawl and gown and bonnet, unless she were in mourning.

Her voice was soft, but it trembled when she spoke. "Are you Mr. Barney Ullman?"

He grinned, showing his few yellow fangs. He stretched out a fat hand. Tardily, he stood up. "Just plain Barney, lady. All my friends call me just plain Barney."

"I'm Esther Rosen." Her sad brown eyes never left his face.

Ullman sang it quietly to himself: "Rosen? Esther Rosen. Let—me—see. Rosen. . . ?"

"I am the daughter of Abraham Rosen."

Already his grin was becoming forced and tighter. "Well, well! A surprise." He squeezed the girl's limp hand, and shook his head. "Poor Abe. Poor old Abe. He was my friend, my dear friend. He—"

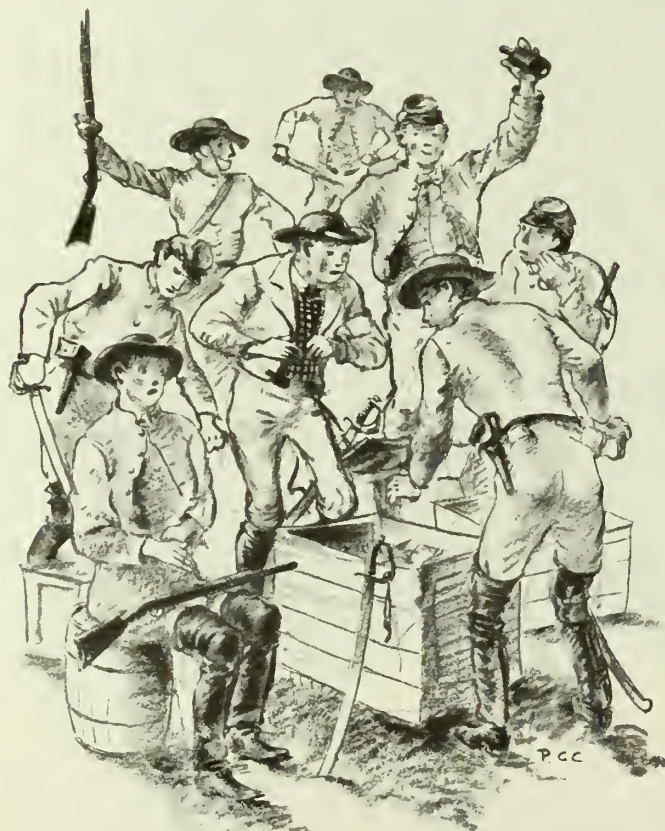
"My letter was not answered by you," said the girl, "so I came to see you."

Ullman felt her hand struggle out of his sticky grasp. He told her, soothingly, "Letter? But, dear lady, it don't make sense. Did you write me a letter?"

"About the money my father paid you. About the horse and wagon, also."

He looked at the boy recruit, who still leaned in the doorway. "Soldier, go outside!" he snarled. "It ain't right to ask me to talk personal and private matters when people are here!"

The youth grinned, remembering what Sergeant Hewitt had said. "I ain't bothering you."





Ullman swallowed a curse. He turned to the slender, brown-eyed girl, grinned, and shook his head, and dragged out a chair . . . "Sit down, Miss Esther, Miss Esther Rosen. It is better to—"

"Thank you." Her voice was pitched close to hysteria. "I should prefer to stand. Mr. Ullman, I wrote you—"

"Barney, dear lady! All my friends—"

"I'm no friend," she said, flatly.

He moistened his thick lips. "Maybe it is better we use Yiddish?"

"In English we will speak. I have no objection to this soldier's presence." The girl was striving to maintain her composure. She opened a reticule which dangled from her slim wrist, and brought out a folded, dog-eared paper.

She said, "I have here the last letter from my father, Abraham Rosen. It was written five weeks ago, only one day

Water dripped through Ullman's whiskers as they tumbled out ledgers and tin boxes

before the day on which he was—shot. In it, he—"

"Miss Rosen," he broke in, savagely, "I don't know nothing different from what I told you."

"I will read it."

He stood there opening and shutting his eyes, making strange grimaces as she read.

" . . . So now I have paid to Ullman every cent I owe him, and his receipt in hand. My daughter, what a happiness that I am now indebted no longer, and will provide good things for you! But more: I have paid to Ullman the sum of thirteen hundred dollars greenbacks, cash in

advance, for new stock, and Herman, my horse, and the wagon are clear, too. When new stock comes, I have many profitable commissions, I go to the Army again, and clear at least one thousand dollars on the trip. The stock of goods cannot arrive for another week, but I am eager to—"

Esther Rosen thrust the letter back into her reticule, and snapped the brass fasteners together. "You wrote me," she cried, "that he was killed the very next day. The news—it—it was a week before I could write, before I could write a letter to you. And all this time I have heard nothing, nothing! I am poor—waiting for my father—I am alone—I borrowed money to go to Washington. At last they gave me a pass; I came part way on the train, to Whitley Junction,

and there a boy would drive me in his wagon. I have come to ask you—"

Ullman roared, "Sit down, woman!"

Behind her, the private scowled and tightened his grasp on the bayoneted rifle. But Esther Rosen was very near the breaking point. She wilted into a chair; she watched the floor, and she did not lift her head as the corpulent sutler planted himself before her and began to talk.

What he said could not be understood by any eavesdropper such as the young soldier, for Barney spoke in a very old language . . . *Anyway, came to the boy's mind, he's cheating her, one way or another.*

"You mean," whispered the girl, "that the goods did come, the very next day, the day he was killed?"

Ullman nodded, his tiny eyes as hard as tin. "He had been gone only a short time, and then it happened, so quick! He did not suffer. All was lost—horse, goods, wagon—everything."

"But—we are nowhere close to the rebel army."

Barney tried to pat her hand, but she drew her hand away. "Five weeks ago, this was close to cannon of the enemy! Now, all the enemy have gone far, far away."

With the most poetic justice in history, the enemy proceeded to disprove his statement. By deed and voice, they disproved it—by a shrill howl that filled the whole valley, by a spatter of echoing shots and the grinding thunder of two hundred hoofs.

The young private's face went blank; he whirled on his bare toes and started through the door. Outside, a bugle tried to deliver an alarm; it sang three notes and then squawked as if the bugler had dropped in his tracks.

Ullman gasped, "*Oi vei—I!*"

The private jerked the butt of his Springfield toward his shoulder, and just beyond him a wiry figure in dusty gray poised on the platform as if he had dropped there from the sky instead of vaulting up from a saddle. Gracefully, the gray man's left hand wrenched the gun-muzzle aside; his right fist slammed against the boy's chin. The soldier's hands flew up, he skated flat on his back across the dusty floor.

"Don't try that again," said a disgusted voice . . . The rifle was tossed carelessly through the air, and speared into green turf beyond the platform; the impact discharged it; it quivered, bayonet down, draped in its own smoke.

Then a dozen long-haired men crushed through the door, with the slender Confederate at their head. Esther Rosen saw a calm face the color of stirrup-leather—she saw black eyes, a jaunty mustache, a polite smile, and as she looked she even saw something of herself in that face.

Barney Ullman labored toward his desk, hand outstretched for the revolver which lay there. Someone seized his elbow. The huge man went spinning against a stack of wooden cigar cases.

"Now, don't go getting yourself killed," said that same emotionless voice. "I reckon there ain't a coffin nowhere around big enough to bury you in."

There was a sense of irrefutable change, of an end to all ordinary existence.

The brown-haired girl heard her own voice saying, "Rebels," through the breathless room. She had not moved from her chair.

"Yes, ma'am," somebody agreed, sadly.

The boy in Federal blue sat up and rubbed his chin.

"Yank," asked another voice, "is this here-now prize fat turkey, your commandin' officer?"

The boy sobbed, "He's only a sutler, and a blame mean one at that. . . ."

"Sutler or not," said the same rebel, more obstinately, "he's wearing military boots and military pants. Reckon we'll take him along with us."

Barney Ullman grinned at them all, his fat chins shaking under the pink stubble of whiskers. "Boys, rebel boys, you wouldn't be mean to old Barney? Everybody knows me; I go in your lines. I have friends—rebel friends—"

Esther Rosen came from her chair. "If you please—"

"Ma'am?" The slim, mustached rebel in the lieutenant's jacket was bowing to her.

"Please do not take this man—the sutler. Do not take him away until I have talked to him!"

The Union prisoner exclaimed, "That's right enough, Johnnies! He's been skinning her."

They broke apart; their silence became a reflection of that same silence which now reigned outdoors, where there were no longer any shrill cries or sullen shots, but merely the sound of efficient hoofs or hurried footfalls among the cinders. Two of these feet had come closer, they had mounted the platform with assurance, and a lane opened from the doorway to admit the man they were bringing.

"Spaneel?"

"Yes, seh. . . ."

"You have an officer here?"

"No, Colonel Mosby. Just three hundred pounds of sutler."

The newcomer was not as tall as the Union private; he weighed ten pounds less, and he was young enough to have been the son of Barney Ullman—which God would have forbidden. Esther Rosen knew that now there were two men in this stained, invading throng whom she could trust. One was the sallow-faced lieutenant whose eyes looked strangely like her own, and the other was a cold-lipped, keen, bent-nosed little man who seemed to have half the armament of the Confederacy in his sagging holsters.

She said, "Yes. I have heard of you, sir . . . I never thought to ask favors from—a rebel. But, oh please do not take this man away until I have asked him a few more questions!"

And her knees were turning to cloth, her head felt far removed, all the room was whirling and tilting.

A strong arm slid around the girl's body. She was in her chair again; the voice of the lieutenant demanded, "Find some brandy, MacHew!" and then he said, "You'll be satisfactory in a minute, ma'am. *Afula ven du veist es nicht, bin ich dein freind.*"

Esther Rosen tried to separate his face from the stony, searching one of the rebel commander. "You—" she whis-

The grinding thunder of hoofs, and the raiders were upon them



pered. "I did not think to find—among the enemy—"

"*Sorg nicht. Ich will dir helfen.*" She was surprised to hear the rebel lieutenant speak the language that Ullman had used just a short time before.

And she listened to that rare sound—the laughter of John Singleton Mosby. So few heard it, these days. "Spaneel, you young fraud! I'd always presupposed that the Spaneels must be of Spanish origin..."

"Seh," the young man drawled, "may-

You contend also that her father received his goods, filled his wagon and started off, when he was struck by a shell and destroyed—man, wagon, horse, goods and all?"

The two rebels who were engaged in opening Barney Ullman's safe, turned interested faces to watch proceedings. Esther Rosen sat plucking nervously at the fringe of her shawl.

Barney Ullman tried to grin under his beads of perspiration. His hands, tied in front of him, strove to gesticulate. "It is true as the word of Heaven."

"Do you believe, sir, that you are capable of lying?"

"*Oi vei*, no!"

There was a clanging, metallic thud.

"Safe's open, sir."

forgot. The rest is true, Mister Mosby, true as the—"

Through the outer door appeared Lieutenant Spaneel, an open tin of sardines in one hand and a revolver in the other. He was herding along a stocky, brown-bearded Yankee who showed his emotion only by chewing a great quid of tobacco as if his life depended on it.

"Telegrapher, seh. Choctaw Simms found him in the station, sending messages over a wire we had cut an hour ago. He says he's been here a good seven months. Thought maybe—"

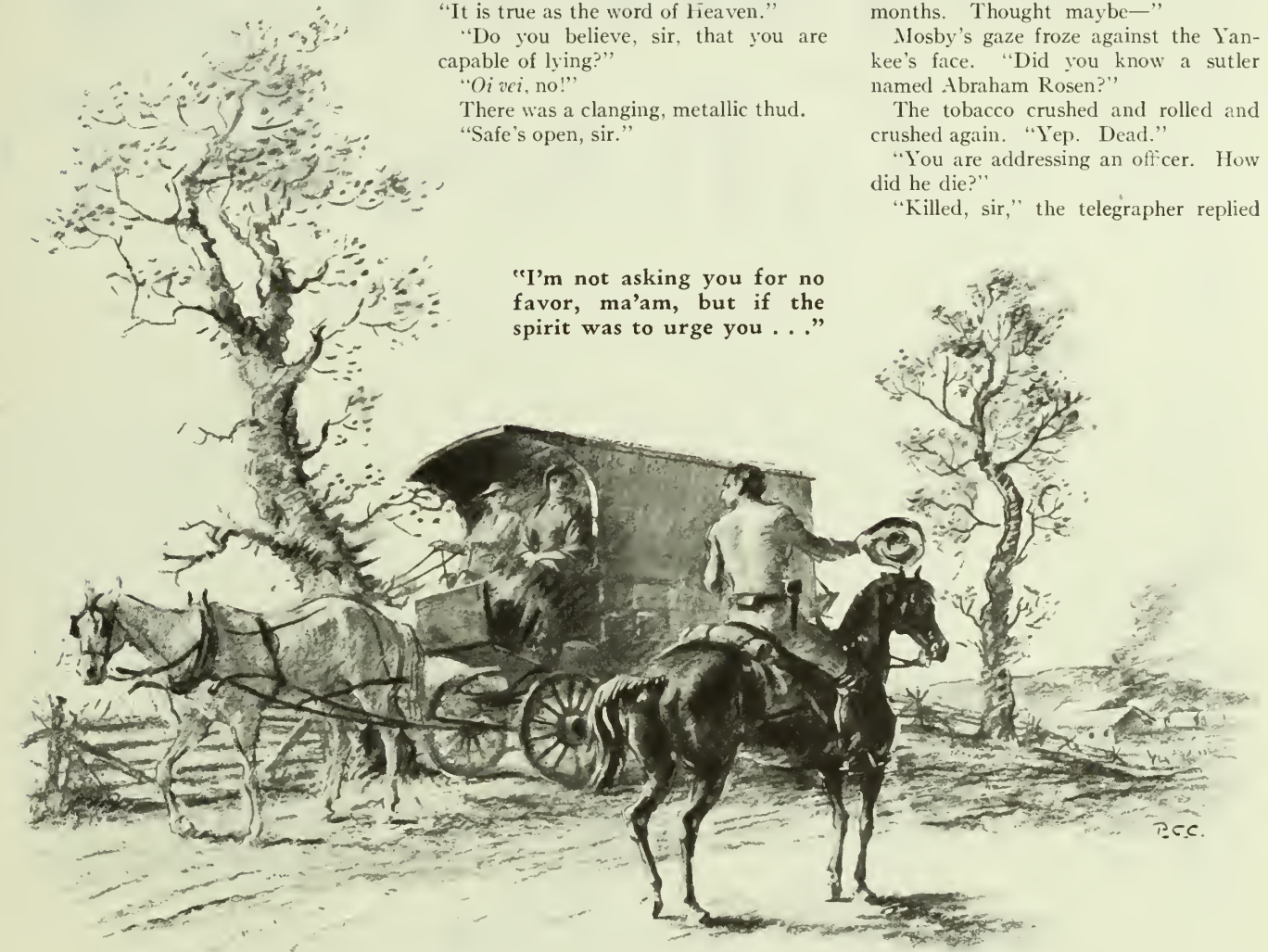
Mosby's gaze froze against the Yankee's face. "Did you know a sutler named Abraham Rosen?"

The tobacco crushed and rolled and crushed again. "Yep. Dead."

"You are addressing an officer. How did he die?"

"Killed, sir," the telegrapher replied

"I'm not asking you for no favor, ma'am, but if the spirit was to urge you . . ."



be they were. But I reckon they moved in by way of Jerusalem."

PERHAPS it was the first and only court ever held at Dobbs Depot, but certainly it was the quickest. John Mosby heard the preliminary evidence in all of three minutes.

This called for immediate action, because he was stealing time from the Confederate States at every breath. Along the railroad and surrounding highways, little picketing groups watched for the approach of any Yankee troops. It was hoped that none could come, before the black columns of smoke began to boil against the sky.

"You contend, sir, that you never received the letter from this young lady?"

"Empty it," ordered Mosby.

They lifted out sacks, ledgers, tin boxes. The water dripped through Ullman's whiskers as he watched. More canvas bags—they clinked pleasantly. A bale of receipts and contracts. A solitary envelope.

"Colonel Mosby, sir. Mightn't this be the letter that the young lady—?"

The stained envelope swam and swelled before her eyes.

"So this is it, Miss Rosen?"

"Yes," she whispered.

Ullman glared into space. He gulped and swallowed; he said nothing.

"How much of the rest is a lie?"

The sutler found words—oily, crawling ones. "*Oi vei*, I had forgot such a letter. I have many business worries—I had

briefly. "Couple months ago, guess it was."

"In what manner?"

"Bushwhackers came. Got to firing. Stray bullet. Never knew what hit him, sir."

Ullman attempted to rise, but was pushed back into his chair. A bubble formed at his half-open lips.

"Was Rosen's horse struck, also?"

The girl held her handkerchief crushed in front of her face. Spaneel looked down, and thought that he had never seen such soft brown hair, in all his life. . .

"Nope—sir. Out in Ullman's stable, now. Wagon, too. Red-white-and-blue wheels. Seen it yesterday—sir."

Spaneel watched Ullman, soberly, trying to decide just what method of slow torture would be (Continued on page 44)

DON'T *take* for AMERICA GRANTED

BY HARRY W. COLMERY

National Commander, The American Legion

CARTOON

By John Cassel

DURING the past few months, as I have traveled throughout the United States, I have observed that many of our citizens entertain a deep pessimism as to the future of American democracy. *Some* note with alarm the various trends which to them evidence a consistent attempt to incite an overthrow of our American system and to substitute therefor a communist state. *Others* are equally concerned that the aggressive efforts of individuals and groups indicate a definite fascist trend which threatens the existing democratic order. Much can be said about both dangers; much can be said to temporize either danger by drawing an analysis of the essential difference between the historical background, temper and temperament of the American people and those of other countries. But the most important approach through which to preserve the freedom upon which America was founded and the principles of liberty to which her citizenship is dedicated is to awaken the American people from their apathy and lethargy and failure to appreciate the beneficence of living under the American system, and to the responsibility of the individual citizen to pull his share of the load if this is to remain a government through which there is preserved to him the opportunity for life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

The American people have failed to adopt sound business practices. The founding fathers developed for us a great capital investment whose chief items of value were abundant natural resources, habits of thrift and industry and a sound and stable government which transferred democracy to a reality and put the individual upon a plane of self-respect,

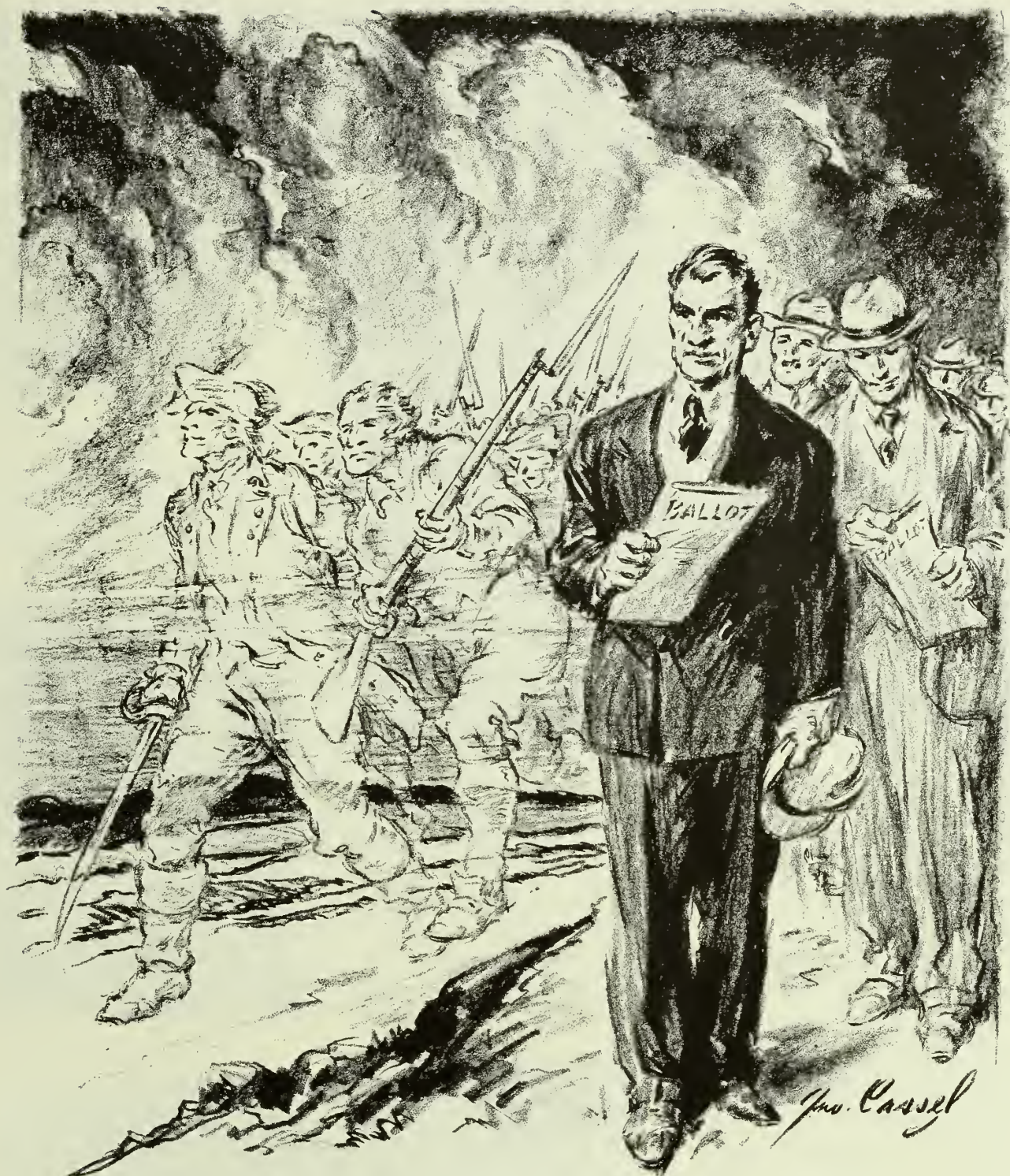
self-reliance and self-control. But the people have failed to protect that investment by setting up a proper depreciation reserve—in fact the only medium through which to protect this great American democracy—an appreciative citizenry conscious of the fact that they can have no other kind of a government except that which they give to themselves. Our people seem content to rely upon a surging zeal in times of emergency to protect the ideals which they cherish, apparently oblivious of the sophistry under which changes have been effected in other countries. Whether it be Communism in Russia, Fascism in Italy or Hitlerism in Germany, the justification has always been “the good of the people.” And in that name and for that cause, the door of opportunity has been closed in the face of the people, and they have become slaves of the government, whatever the system—although in the meantime so-called constitutional systems have been preserved only as a matter of form. So I am not so much concerned today over the constructural advances of subversive movements inimical to America as I am at the fact that we have failed to build a citizenship sufficiently appreciative and responsive to be defenders of American ideals in time of peace. On the contrary, the increasing indifference of the American people demonstrates that entirely too many citizens have forgotten the American ideals which have been responsible for our orderly progress and stabilized civilization over 150 years of national experience. That indifference is making the American soil increasingly fertile for the growth of sinister influences

which seek to destroy the confidence of the citizenry in and loyalty to the American system and its institutions. And the course of events, both at home and abroad, compels the conviction that “Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty” today, just as much as in the day when Patrick Henry proclaimed these memorable words.

Now just what is this American ideal? It is, as I see it, a full faith in the system of government under which we live. Its very basis is the highest degree of individual freedom consistent with the common good; the spirit of individual liberty, properly protected and duly restrained.

It represents the culmination of the struggle of the human race for liberty, during which every form and variety of government has been tried, from the extreme slavery and subjection of millions to the caprice of one man; through contests on the field and in the forum, the horror of the scaffold, rack and dungeon, the changing political experiences of nations, in which some of them became “the home of liberty and the messenger of the free spirit” only to lose it again—until finally it became refined into that pure gold which we call the freedom of the individual, who by reason of his creation, and by virtue of his very existence, became a sovereign in his own right. The right to govern must come from the consent of the governed, as America’s contribution to the service of government.

STANDING on the wisdom of the ages, our forefathers determined that a government in whose foundation liberty and law found equal support could be maintained not by the power of the army or the might of a navy, but by the willing



"The biggest, most important thing we have in the United States is the business of governing ourselves"

support of an enlightened, free and patriotic people. And by a constitutional system of checks and balances, they transformed democracy from a dream into a reality, protected the people against the tyranny of the individual and the oppression of the majority, made the people the reservoir of power, and collected and deposited both the grant of power and the restraint on its exercise in a written constitution as the expression of the supreme wish of the people.

Under that system we have grown in

wealth, power and influence, and our progress, both as a nation and as individual citizens, has been the envy of civilization of all time. And any fair-minded person can see as clearly as if it were diagrammed in front of him the actual practical advantages which we enjoy over less fortunate world mates, and is as aware of it as a man who, accidentally locked in an ice box, becomes acutely conscious of the advantages of free air.

But if we are to continue to enjoy the freedom and liberty which is America, and the comforts and happiness which

flow from its beneficence, and continue this as a government of, by and for the people not in form but in reality, "We, the People" have got to take a part in it. The reins are in our hands, we citizens of the United States—but we are too prone to let other people do the driving.

I have observed over a number of years many indications of the marked departure from the principles and individual responsibility which made America great. I see it in the failure of a large part of our people to vote. I see it in the tendency of (Continued on page 58)

The STATE that has

BY HERBERT
Governor,



At left, the famous Ausable Chasm. Below, the still more famous you know what. At bottom, across the Hudson from Bear Mountain looms Anthony's Nose



TWENTY years ago the streets of New York City resounded to the tramp of uniformed men—men from every State in the United States—marching away to war. They tramped *down* Fifth Avenue, inspired by the patriotic fervor of the people of the City and of the State of New York.

This year the streets of New York City again will echo to the tramp of marching men—men from all the States of the Union. But theirs is a different destination. Today, they march *up* Fifth Avenue in the peace-time parade of The American Legion's convention.

The people of New York State will join with the people of the City of New York in extending a hearty welcome to The American Legion next September. They are deeply appreciative of the honor and responsibility that is theirs as host to the Legion's nineteenth annual convention.

The welcome offered by the people of the Empire State is every bit as hearty and patriotic today as it was twenty years ago. Two decades ago the welcome was coupled with a fervent Godspeed; it is today accompanied by a warm invitation to these visitors to remain here indefinitely and enjoy their visit to the city and the State.

The Port of New York was closely associated with the events of the historic year of 1917, and many of its scenes will be familiar to thousands of visiting Legionnaires. Many more, however, had only a fleeting glimpse as they passed

through. Attendance at the convention will afford these veterans an opportunity for more intimate acquaintance with our city. Furthermore, as all well know, New York City and State are bound up with the growth of the United States and the patriotically-minded visitor will find many reminders of colonial and Revolutionary days.

There is no need to attempt here a listing of the innumerable attractions of our greatest city which will keep the visitor



EVERYTHING

H. LEHMAN

State of New York

Jones Beach on the open ocean side of Long Island, one of the show spots of the metropolitan area. Below, good roads make a tour of the Adirondacks almost a must



interested and entertained as long as he cares to linger.

The people of the State of New York proudly call it "The State That Has Everything" and it is, indeed, just that. We take this opportunity therefore of making our welcome to The American Legion state-wide. We invite you not to the convention in New York City alone, but to all our broad, hospitable domain.

For we would point out that the Empire State has within its approximately 50,000 square miles not only such world-famous sights as America's greatest city, mighty Niagara Falls, historic West Point and the Saratoga battlefield, but also a rich variety of mountains, lakes, rivers, seashore, farms and forests, comprising a commonwealth surpassed by no other area of similar size on the globe.

Throughout the State of New York are recreation centers which offer opportunities for amusements of every kind. Everywhere hotel accommodations are



of the finest available. Covering the State in a vast network is one of the outstanding systems of motor highways and parkways in the world. Every other method of modern transportation is available also to the traveler in New York State who would journey across the four hundred miles of its breadth or up and down the three hundred miles of its length.

Those who drive will find New York State motor vehicle laws reasonable and

designed for the protection of the sensible motorist. The highways of the State are carefully marked for safety's sake and are efficiently maintained. The famous State Troopers are specifically instructed to be helpful and courteous to all travelers.

At New York City's front door lies the majestic Hudson River, which might be called the original highway of New York State, over which the first pioneers traveled to the north and west. Today this waterway retains its importance as a travel route. Annually, thousands of visitors journey over its waters and along its shores to view the magnificent scenic spectacles which the incomparable valley offers.

Journeying up the Hudson, the visiting Legionnaire and his family and friends can gain easy access by train, motor or steamship to the Catskill and Adirondack mountain regions of our State. In fact this natural highway brings the visitor eventually into contact with all of the twelve natural vacation-lands into which the State has been divided.

After viewing the beauties of the Hudson Valley, the Catskills on the west and the Taconic Hills on the east, our visitor has before him the capital district at Albany, seat of the state government. That old city with its state buildings and historic shrines makes a practical base for further exploration of the state's attractions.

To the west, (Continued on page 52)



In Watkins Glen, one of the glories of the Finger Lakes region

LEGION



The list includes all those who were in the big league spring training camps, and in the back of this issue, on page 56 will be found a table setting forth the home towns of these sprightly youngsters:

National League.

Brooklyn—First Baseman Nick Polly, Second Baseman Harry (Cooky) Lavagetto, Catcher Sid Gautreaux.

Chicago—First Baseman Phil Cavarretta, Third Baseman Henry Majeski, Outfielders Augie Galan and Henry Myer, and Pitcher Kirby Higbe.

Cincinnati—Third Baseman Eddie Joost.



Formerly a pitcher for Detroit, Elon Hogsett, now with the St. Louis Browns, did his Junior Baseball stint in Oklahoma

Philadelphia—Morris Aronovich.

Pittsburgh—Second Baseman Lee Handley and Outfielder Dan Hafey.

St. Louis—Catcher Arnold (Mickey) Owen and Pitcher Morton Cooper.

American League: Boston—First Baseman Ellsworth (Babe) Dahlgren, Second

Baseman Bobby Doerr, Outfielders Dominic Dallesandro and Fabian Gaffke.

Chicago—Third Baseman Steve Mes-

Mickey Owen, catcher for the St. Louis Cardinals, did his Legion Junior Baseball playing in Los Angeles. Below, Cooky Lavagetto, Brooklyn second baseman and Oakland Legion baseball graduate



LAST September I wrote for this magazine an article about professional baseball players who had come up from Legion Junior Baseball. The list was rather impressive, I thought, and, it seemed to me, the details in the article proved rather conclusively that Junior Baseball was responsible for the new interest in America's national game which has been manifested in the past ten years. A lot of hits, runs and errors have been made since that article, and I have collected more data concerning the Legion-raised kids who have come up and stayed up in the big show.

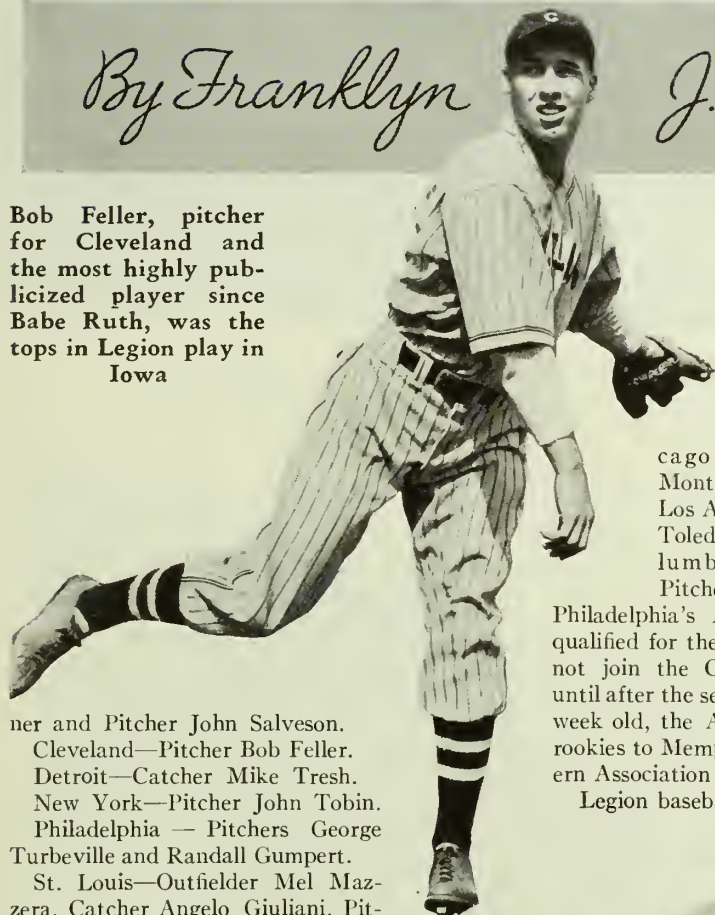
Here are the graduates from Legion baseball who this year have stormed the heights of baseball, fourteen in the National League and fifteen in the American.

RAISED

By Franklyn

J. Adams

Bob Feller, pitcher for Cleveland and the most highly publicized player since Babe Ruth, was the tops in Legion play in Iowa



ner and Pitcher John Salveson.

Cleveland—Pitcher Bob Feller.

Detroit—Catcher Mike Tresh.

New York—Pitcher John Tobin.

Philadelphia — Pitchers George Turbeville and Randall Gumpert.

St. Louis—Outfielder Mel Mazzer, Catcher Angelo Giuliani, Pitcher Elon Hogsett.

Washington—Third Baseman John K. (Buddy) Lewis.

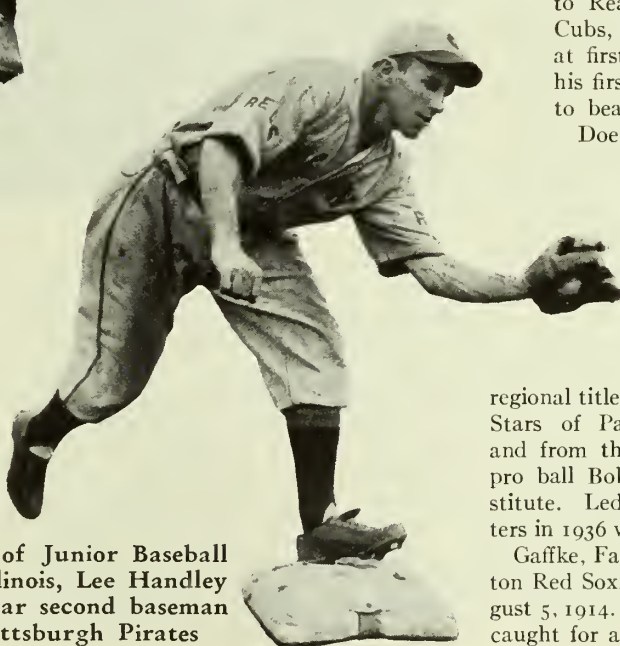
SINCE the start of the regular season several of these players have been sent back to minor league clubs for further seasoning. John Tobin, who was at the New York Yankees' training camp, was returned to Oakland and bounded back into the big show with the Pittsburgh Pirates.

Those of the above Junior baseball graduates who were returned to minor league clubs for further seasoning are: Polly and Gautreaux, to Elmira; Dahlgren, to New York's Yankees and then Newark; Mesner, back to Los Angeles; Joost, to Syracuse; Ma-

jeski, Higbe and Meyer, to Moline; Mazzer and Giuliani, to San Antonio; Haffey, who was up in 1935 with the Chicago White Sox, to Montreal; Salveson, to Los Angeles; Tresh, to Toledo; Cooper, to Columbus. Another,

Pitcher Lynn Nelson of Philadelphia's Athletics, nearly qualified for the list, but he did not join the Connie Mackmen until after the season was about a week old, the A's sending three rookies to Memphis of the Southern Association for him.

Legion baseball's big leaguers:



A graduate of Junior Baseball in Peoria, Illinois, Lee Handley is now regular second baseman for the Pittsburgh Pirates

Galan, Augie—Outfielder with Chicago Cubs. Born in Berkeley, Cal., May 25, 1917. Joined Cubs from San Francisco Seals of Pacific Coast League as a second baseman, but Charley Grimm, manager, made an outfielder of him and a dog-goned good one, too. Played left field for National League All-Stars in 1936 and hit a homer off Schoolboy Rowe of Detroit's Tigers, hurling for the American Leaguers. Was only former Junior Baseball player in All-Star Game. Finished the season of 1936 with batting average of .264.

Cavarretta, Phil—Outfielder with Chicago Cubs. Born in Chicago, July 19, 1917. In Junior Baseball days he could pitch, play first or the outfield. An outfielder this season inasmuch as Cubs got Collins from the St. Louis Cards in a winter deal. Phil played for National Post, Chicago, 1933 National Champions, began his pro ball career in Peoria, shifted to Reading and then joined the Cubs, replacing Manager Grimm at first base. He hit a homer in his first game as a major leaguer, to beat Cincinnati's Reds, 1—0.

Doerr, Bobby—Second baseman with Boston Red Sox. Born in Los Angeles, April 7, 1918. Middle name is Pershing. Started with a Los Angeles team in Legion Junior Baseball when only 14. Team won state and regional titles. Signed with Hollywood Stars of Pacific Coast League at 16, and from the time he started playing pro ball Bobby has never been a substitute. Led Pacific Coast League batters in 1936 with 237 hits.

Gaffke, Fabian—Outfielder of the Boston Red Sox. Born in Milwaukee, August 5, 1914. Gaffke, of Polish parentage, caught for a (Continued on page 55)

You wouldn't KNOW

by

THOMAS
HENRY BOYD

DID that church ever fall down where the Heinies dynamited the tower just before we drove them out of the town? Is old Brillois, the blacksmith, still sharpening on his battered anvil the plowshares of the village where the outfit rested for six days? That farm where regimental H.Q. was set up for forty-eight hours of the Meuse-Argonne in an old stone barn without a roof—could the owners ever have returned and scratched a crop from their tortured, pockmarked fields?

Probably every member of the A. E. F. has wondered in this same strain about his old familiar haunts, whether up on the lines or back in rest areas. For years I was gnawed by a thousand questions of this sort. Last summer, in company with my peace-time C. O., our post-war command, and a high-school buddy of his, I went to find out. Some of the answers were beyond my detective ability. But enough of the riddles could be solved to set my mind at rest. I am now reporting to the other two million members of the A. E. F.

WHEN you go back, you will be welcomed with open arms by the French people whom you knew. Don't think they will have forgotten you. More of them still live in the old homes than you would have thought possible, for they are firmly rooted to their own little plots of soil for life. You will feel entirely at home in the villages and towns where you were billeted behind the lines, for these have a permanence and a lack of growth almost beyond the belief of anyone accustomed to the American landscape and its continuous turmoil at the hands of the builder, the subdivider, the wrecker, and the P. W. A.

As for the battlefields, you wouldn't know the old place now. The cities and villages which H. E. and shrapnel stirred to a potpourri of rubble heaps have with few exceptions sprung again into ship-shape, workaday existence. The fields where wheat and poppies once were rooted out by shell-holes and pillboxes



Grandpré, in the Meuse-Argonne area, before and after renovation. The top photograph was taken in October, 1918, just after the town's capture



have again surrendered to the peasant's industry. Every acre which can be brought under the plow has lost all reminders of the unhappy years. The finest stand of wheat that I saw in all of France last summer was in a field on the Chemin des Dames, where men in horizon blue and feldgrau and olive drab died by tens of thousands less than twenty years before. Only land valueless for productive uses has been left devastated. If there is no profit in it, the French let it alone.

Our family expedition to rediscover the battle areas of France and Belgium was

not devised on the spur of the moment. It was all planned out in 1929, but as I recall it something happened to the stock market that autumn and interfered with financing the trip. During the war, like every other soldier, I accumulated a few photographs of the places where pleasure or duty took me. Subsequently the opportunity arose to select from Signal Corps pictures those scenes which were familiar. Choices were carefully made of prints which showed definite landmarks: a building, a distinctive curve of a road, a hill deeply notched at the base by a wooded ravine, a crossroads. If I was to

the OLD PLACE



Torcy, in the famous sector northwest of Château-Thierry, has long been its pre-war self. Note the careful restoration of the church tower



spend time and energy looking for the old scenes, I wanted to be sure of the location when I finally should get there.

So there we were, in August of 1936, armed with the family automobile, a vest-pocket camera, a handful of road maps, and a file of official war pictures. Our campaign must be conducted swiftly, skilfully, systematically to be crowded into my short vacation. We moved our column upon Millières, the little farm town northeast of Chaumont where I was in the training area during July and August of 1918.

The drive was down familiar roads, but tremendously shorter than they had seemed when measured in terms of training hikes. I parked the car in front of the church, walked to the old billet, knocked. Mme. Demongeot opened the door, exclaimed "Les Américains!" She excitedly led me to the room which had been mine, said "Voilà!" She could not call my name, but she had me definitely placed. Her husband Henri and her daughter have died; madame is very much alone. But I could not see she has changed in all these years. We had a long, satisfactory visit. As her farewell

to us, madame brought out the eau de vie and we drank to the departed, to les Américains, and to France. It was a little melancholy, for we could not help thinking of similar scenes in that same room when Henri, the village priest and the maire still lived and helped us work on a bottle of cognac. She gave us a parting gift which was too generous and touched us deeply, one of her ancient candlesticks from the mantel. As we stood on her doorstep saying farewells, most of the other 699 inhabitants leaned out of windows or clustered around us and called friendly greetings.

Millières is unchanged. I found one new dwelling house after eighteen years. The town has electric lights now. Same odors, great-grand-daughters of the same cows in the streets. Same old village well, with a luxuriantly oozing manure pile alongside. Although no medicos had been around to mark it "Non-Potable," we drank no water there.

This same day we called at the château at Lanques, really believing no one would remember me. Both Mme. Hubert Serbouce and her mother greeted me by name—what a welcome! Colonel Girard, there for a visit, showed me an army safety razor I gave him in 1918 which he still uses.

Perhaps this is the proper moment, before you have been lulled to slumber by my endless reminiscences, to point out that whether or not you were across in 1918—but especially if you were—you will be well repaid by the experiences of such a trip. You will have reunions such as these, with people you knew before and, more surprisingly, with total strangers. If we had not done it so recently, nothing could hold me back from making the trip this September when so many are going over immediately after the New York National Convention.

FROM our experience, let me enumerate a few facts which are worth knowing if you contemplate any such expedition. First, anyone with any idea of seeing more of the battle area than just the rubber-neck bus trips such as Château-Thierry will need an automobile. Cars can be rented in France for about double what American drive-it-yourself outfits charge, and also you have to provide your own gas and oil, which cost about triple the American price. Therefore, whether you take your own car or rent one in France becomes a simple problem in arithmetic. How many miles are you going to drive while there? Will the much lower cost of using your own car outweigh the cost of freight-



Varennes, once a hot spot, now boasts a hotel which provides ice-cubes out of an American electric refrigerator



ing it twice across the Atlantic? Any steamship line can give you the answers quickly and accurately. For a rough idea, we drove three thousand miles in France and Belgium and figured we saved approximately \$200 by taking our car with us, above the cost of \$170 for the round trip transatlantic freight. If it had been a smaller car, the saving would have been still greater.

Driving in Europe is incredibly easy, because there is practically no traffic. Even Paris, world-famous for traffic density, has less congestion and is much easier on drivers than New York, Chicago or Los Angeles. And if you take your car to Paris, you will get lost a good many times but will be more than repaid by seeing parts of the city which no unmounted American tourist ever lays eye upon.

If you speak fluent French it will be a big help. The better your French, the easier the going and the more you will get out of the trip. But you can get along on surprisingly little. Mine is typical doughboy French, and my wife describes hers as having been learned in twelve easy lessons. Sometimes surprising results developed, such as the time we thought we were ordering one beer apiece and got four, but the difficulties are usually solved just as easily as we drank our way through that one. In larger centers, hotels and stores have some English. In the little towns you

must get along on your French. But, take my word for it, you can have a lot of fun even if your French is limited to little more than *combien*, *voilà*, and *merci*, and it gets you food, a place to sleep, gasoline, and a drink whenever you want it.

But this is a report on the battlefields, not a sales talk for the steamship lines. Let's plunge into the St. Mihiel salient at Pont-à-Mousson, where we began. The town has been rebuilt, including a fine new bridge across the Meuse. Thiaucourt is today the main city of the district. Vigneulles is also in good order, and the people think every American is from the First or Twenty-sixth Division. In these towns we made pictures of identical streets to match up with our Signal Corps prints showing everything in ruins. It is actually possible to identify a doorway here, a chimney there, which survived the shelling and were incorporated in the rebuilt structures.

Rocky stretches along the road to Thiaucourt still show the old trench lines, though apparently they are not kept up in any way. The old concrete pillboxes still exist in the orchards along the hills. Shellholes in the walls of the church at Mont Sec have been plastered over; the steeple clock looks new. Whatever else they do, the French rebuild a church, usually larger than before.

While the Germans succeeded in damaging about everything else in Verdun, they did not harm the Meuse bridge, and

**The old cemetery, Mont-faucon, with a German O. P. atop one of the sturdier monuments. Requi-
escent in pace**



it looks exactly as before. But between the houses and the water now runs a fine street reminiscent of the Thames Embankment or Chicago's Wacker Drive. The main national highway from Paris to Verdun follows the roads the A. E. F. knew so well. Parois Crossroads has the same buildings. The turn-off at Aubreville is just the same. Even the orchard on the hill above the village is exactly as it was, and some traces of old shell holes show in the waste land alongside. The gun emplacements along the railroad tracks have disappeared.

The three miles from Aubreville to the Rendezvous de Chasse are very natural. Wood-choppers were working at the crossroads at the very place where my pup tent stood. We found signs of old trench systems, some barbed wire in the underbrush. The dugouts have all been filled up. Walking through, we found an old French helmet and a French canteen crushed absolutely flat. There is still opportunity for a souvenir hound, though pickings are slim.

I had good intentions of hiking over every foot of the 1918 fighting of our outfit, but my attempts to climb around Côte 290 persuaded me it cannot be done without hiking shoes and sheet-iron pants. Too many blackberry bushes. Whenever I traveled afoot far from the road, I was soon wet, grimy, and ragged. It was too much for my limited wardrobe.

A passable road runs around the back

The 364th Infantry in the town square, Audenarde, Belgium, November 11, 1918. Now you wait there for the Ypres bus



Defense de traverser — remnants of the bridge that crossed the Vesle at Fismes as the Germans left it. The new structure has memorial columns



of Cigallerie Butte and Vauquois, and approximates our outfit's march of the night of September 25th. A little off-road exploration convinced me that nobody has been through here since 1918 unless it was some other American in search of his war memories, and I gave up. A confusing thing is that a national highway now runs down the middle of No Man's Land from Varennes through Avocourt and on to Verdun. I had forgotten the incredible strength of the German positions. Between Varennes and Avocourt we counted 126 old German pillboxes now used for cowsheds.

The dirt road still goes through the Bois de Cheppy. We parked our car where the old German narrow-gauge crossed it, near La Ferme Grange. This was a badly-wrecked set of farm buildings on September 26, 1918, but now it has been rebuilt, and two old peasants were cutting wheat there. I had my picture taken at the exact spot where I was wounded. This is where we first met machine-gun fire.

From Bois de Cheppy to Véry the terrain has not changed a bit, though it looked too peaceful with the wheat harvest on, and only one who knew it in 1918 could find any war traces at all. The natives smiled and waved whenever we came close. Véry is moved a little way from the old site. The old planked road to Epinonville was easy to find, but today it is a nicely- (Continued on page 46)

CODES— *Fact and Fallacy*



WHEN any standard motion picture film reaches the scene of the lovely blonde adventuress locked in a room with a combination safe and an impressionable young officer of the Graustark monarchy's intelligence service, every normally deductive member of the audience knows what is due to happen. Sometime between now and breakfast the blonde will vanish—with the Graustarkian code books!

Due to this stock fictional formula, a widespread popular misconception flourishes as to how modern powers keep abreast of each other's military and diplomatic code secrets. The sad and unmelodramatic facts are that glamorous spies and code-stealers, be they ever so filmable, would not, under modern conditions, earn their traveling expenses. Long before even the most resourceful blonde could rush a code book—if there happened to be one—to the authorities in her own capital, an enemy or rival power in anything approaching a state of war or acute international tension would be using a new code. Or, more than probably, using a dozen new ones a week

for different military and diplomatic purposes.

For these and a few closely related reasons, modern governments, including the one at Washington, are almost discourteously uninterested in handsome adventuresses with talents for entrapping foreign code-custodians. What they are interested in is—to use the highbrow word for it—"cryptanalysts." A cryptanalyst keeps up with the code-devising ingenuities of his country's enemies not with social wiles but with technical proficiency and concentrated brain work. From his knowledge of a thousand and one different cryptic writing systems, a good one, 1937 style, can take a file of an enemy's secret messages off the wires or the radio and within a comparatively few days—or even hours—decipher it. If he can't do it with this Stakhanovite efficiency, he does not even consider himself good. For it is rarely a matter of more than days, or hours, before a code message under normal modern conditions reaches its destination and produces the action expected of it.

Necessarily, most of the work and researches of the cryptanalysts attached

to the American defense services are wrapped in one of Washington's forbidden mysteries. Yet the basic facts about the training they receive, the type of skill they develop and the problems they face are visible on the surface.

In the Army and Navy there are small picked groups of officers—and in the Coast Guard Division of the Treasury, there is a woman official—who consider it a matter of course to find their desks each morning piled with documents in seemingly unknown languages. Or the day's "paper work" assignment may not suggest a language at all—even a language gone haywire. It may be composed of rows of apparently unrelated numerals, or of weird hieroglyphics never assembled together before in any known alphabet. Or instruments on the teletype principle in the room may begin sputtering furious scrambles of letters as if operated at the other end by mad chimpanzees with delirium tremens.

Somewhere in the heart of the gibbering confusion the code officer knows there is a coherent secret message and that he is expected to "break" it, that is, decode and translate it, right now. The job re-

By
LEAH STOCK HELMICK

Illustration by
FORREST C. CROOKS

eight hours. Napoleon's scholars and scientists of the early nineteenth century took twenty-three years. Then there is the story of the inventor—himself a cryptanalyst of the highest amateur standing—who was given an opportunity to demonstrate a new language-scrambling machine on the teletype principle. Into it had gone several years' time and \$100,000. Just for a joker there was a brand new system of cryptic writing involved. Yet the experts before whom he gave his demonstration began reading back his messages within thirty minutes.

If, however, you ask a code-officer for confirmation of these glamorous traditions, all you are



There he told the tragic story of the Marabella, horror ship of the century

quires the deductive and analytical qualities of a super-picture-puzzle wizard and a super-bridge expert, combined with a specialized knowledge of all that the world has learned about code construction in 2500 years.

But when it comes to questions of who the code-breakers are, what materials they work with and what are their objectives—Washington hangs out its thickest curtains of secrecy.

The Army and Navy will go as far as the bare bones of the secret but no farther. Lieutenant Colonel William F. Friedman, Signal Reserve, head of the Signal Intelligence Service and boss of the Army's cryptanalysts, will admit, for instance, that a few—and it would not

take many fingers to count them—bright young officers play a constant war game with each other of code devising and code breaking; that an intimate little group of technical experts is constantly experimenting with new wire and radio gadgetry for language-scrambling. But what, if anything, the defense services know about the codes of foreign armies and navies is buried deep in the heart of the official mysteries.

Every year or two a legend filters down from the Signal Corps intelligence service by the gossip route. There is the report for instance that a young decoding expert with no prior knowledge of hieroglyphic language scripts to guide him, "broke" the famous Rosetta Stone mystery in

met with is poker-faced politeness. And if you happen to know enough to inquire about matters less legendary, you may even be politely reminded that publishing certain types of national defense secrets is punishable by a term in the federal penitentiaries.

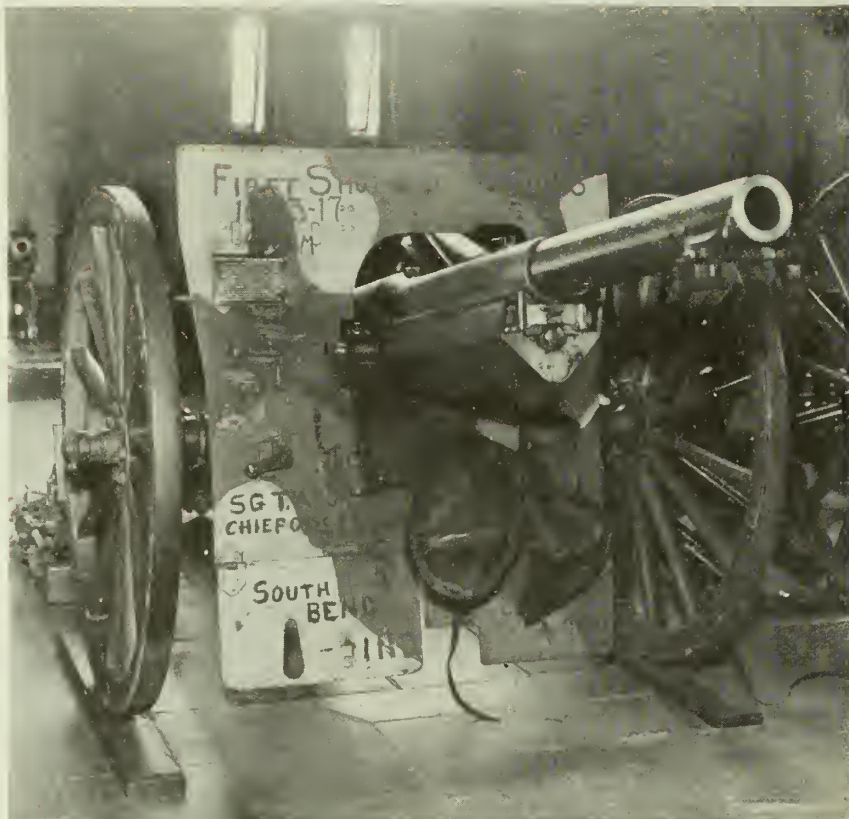
The Treasury Department's code operations on the crime front are run by Elizabeth Smith Friedman. Yes, the wife of that Colonel Friedman mentioned earlier in this article. She was interested in codes before she ever met him, and is responsible for shaping his career. When the United States entered the war Friedman was commissioned a lieutenant in the Signal Corps and sent to do his code stuff in the A. E. F. Mrs. Friedman remained in America to teach young officers the mysteries of cryptography. With the coming of peace the Government decided that the Friedmans were needed in Washington. They've been there ever since. (*Continued on page 58*)

SOUVENIRS

AMERICANS by nature are souvenir hunting animals, not only as individuals but even as a united people. By way of proof, visit the United States Military Academy at West Point, New York, and examine the evidence. You can easily include West Point on your New York National Convention itinerary in September.

There the Army has collected several thousand trophies of its struggles with British, Hessian, Indian, Mexican, Confederate, Spanish, Filipino, Moro, Chinese and German soldiers. Conspicuously on display on the grounds and in the buildings of the Academy, these mementoes offer not only conclusive evidence of the inveterate quest of the American soldier for souvenirs but also furnish accurate data whereby one may trace various phases of the military history of the United States.

The first flag captured by Colonial troops during the Revolution was the regimental Union Jack of the Seventh Royal Fusiliers. It fell into Yankee hands on October 18, 1775, probably at Fort Chambly. Congress by special act presented the flag to George Washing-



This is the gun that told the Germans the Yanks had come. Sergeant T. Arch, Corporals L. J. Varady and Braley, and Private J. H. Hughes managed to get their names on it before it was sent home to grace the museum of the United States Military Academy at West Point forever. At left, the emergency or battle steering wheel of the U.S.S. Maine, sunk in Havana Harbor in 1898

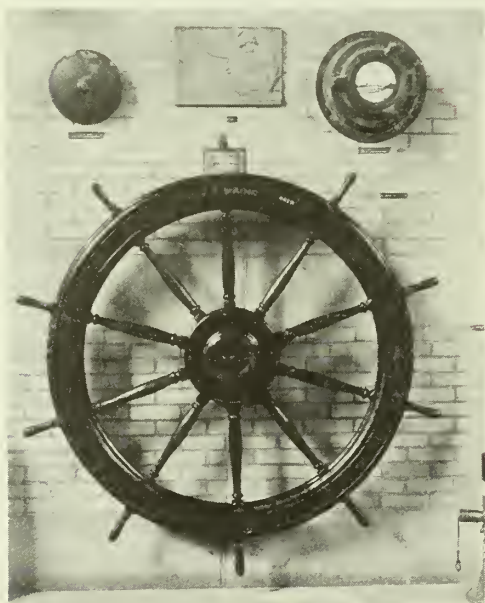
Other mementoes of the Revolution include English axe-heads, Hessian spurs, camp kettles, drums, coins, button molds and buttons (soldiers molded their own in those days).

Of the cannon, howitzers and mortars surrendered by the British at Saratoga, West Point has a liberal assortment. It also collected a number of representative field pieces of the two hundred bronze cannon purchased in France for the Colonies by Silas Deane. Each of these latter pieces

has a distinctive name engraved upon it in French. One is The Peacock, another The Thunderer, still another The Dawn. The custom of calling every gun by a name of its own harks back to the days of Charles V of Spain. He had twelve guns and he named them after the twelve apostles. French productions of the Revolutionary period, however, bear names more akin to present Pullman Car designations rather than to religious characters.

Trophies taken from the British in the War of 1812 are conspicuously absent—an eloquent reminder of the lack of success of the American land forces in this campaign.

Between the War of 1812 and the Mexican War, the Army was continuously engaged against Indians on the western and southern frontiers. Not many trophies, however, found their way back. The most interesting West Point souvenir of this period is a staff with a part of a sponge. It was used in the service of a six-pounder against the Seminole Indians during Major Dade's massacre. This catastrophe, somewhat similar to the fate that befell Custer forty years later, occurred in Florida on



ton on October 29, 1781. It descended to George Washington Parke Custis, who turned it over to the War Department about 1855. The latter in turn gave it to the United States Military Academy.

DE LUXE

By
Robert Ginsburgh

December 18, 1835. Dade and his command of 113 officers and men were marching from Fort Brooks to Fort King when they were surprised by a superior force of Seminoles and completely overwhelmed. Only three men escaped the massacre. Lieutenant Basinger, the last man killed, is supposed to have used the staff, in ramming home the only remaining cartridge of the forty rounds which constituted his supply of ammunition when the battle opened.

THE Mexican War proved a bonanza to souvenir hunters. Aztec pottery, idols, and mythological figures found while digging trenches during operations; bits and saddles, lances, sabers and cuirasses picked up on the battlefields or surrendered; treasure chests; flags captured in hand-to-hand fighting, and cross sections of the staffs from which Mexican colors were torn and upon which the Stars and Stripes was hoisted; and a collection of more than one hundred bronze cannon representing the finest craftsmanship in the art of gun-making a hundred years ago are all assembled in the West Point collection. These captured guns bear not only the names of Mexican armament factories but also those of arsenals in Barcelona and Seville in Spain, Manila in the Philippine Islands, Douay in France, and Southampton, Liverpool and Dartford in England. The cannon made in Spanish-speaking countries bear distinctive names running to saints as well as to sinners. Santa Cecilia, the Howitzer; San Felipe, the six-pounder, and a four-pounder answering to the title "The Virgin" find themselves in the same company with guns which respond to the names of dogs, vultures and villains. There are even some designations that reflect on the paternity of the weapons.

The Mexican War trophies include a unique memento in the form of a carriage wheel taken from a gun in Captain James Duncan's Battery. This wheel was in continuous use from July, 1830, to August, 1840. It was present at all of the important artillery engagements of the war and has the battles in which it participated marked upon its fellys. It still bears the wound it received in action at Palo Alto.

OF ALL the souvenirs of this period, the ones artillery veterans of the Mexican War prized most are a pair of bronze six-pounders, called by the soldiers of that generation "O'Brien's Bull-Dogs." The following, inscribed on each, sum-



These old-timers are largely Mexican War mementoes. Below, captured cannon at the base of the Victory Monument, with the Highlands of the Hudson in the background



marily tells the dramatic story: "Lost without dishonor at the battle of Buena Vista by a company of the 4th Artillery. Recaptured with just pride and exultation by the same regiment at Contreras."

Under Lieutenant John Paul Jones O'Brien, on February 22-23, 1847, these two guns and about fifty cannoneers stood off a superior force of several hundred Mexican cavalry and infantry supported by artillery while General Zachary Taylor re-formed his lines and brought up

reinforcements. These artillerymen, abandoned by their own infantry, tenaciously held on. Not until every horse was killed and every gunner dead or wounded were the guns surrendered. Under Captain Simon Drum, six months later, these guns were re-captured at Contreras. General Scott was so pleased with the performance that he promised that the guns would remain with the regiment as a permanent trophy. The Fourth Artillery moved to West Point (Continued on page 59)

SCRAP HEAP, OR—

By
FORREST G. COOPER

CHAIRMAN,
*National Veterans
Employment Committee*

"SORRY, Mr. Jones, we cannot employ you; you are above 40 years, and the rules will not permit giving jobs to men of your age. It's true our factory is running full time; we are selling all we can produce, but we are looking for young men."

"But I am only 44, right in the prime of life; I have experience; I am loyal; I am able bodied, able to do the work. I have a family, and children to send through high school and college; I am steadied by responsibilities of my home life; I am conservative and therefore less liable to have a costly accident than a carefree youngster."

"But we maintain group insurance and workmen's compensation insurance, and if we hire a man of your age, it costs us extra money, more money than if we hire a young man."

"All right, I'll pay the extra premiums for the group insurance on account of my age, and I'll agree to the reduction of my wage to make up for the additional cost of insurance on my account."

"Aw, that's too much trouble to figure out. Besides there are plenty of young men we can hire and train, and the boss says to pass up the fellow of your age."

"Listen, Mister, I came back from the war and got a job in a factory making the same products as yours. I worked there from 1919 to 1932—thirteen of the best years of my life. I worked on the assembly line. They kept running it faster and faster. Finally the depression came and I lost my job. For a while I lived on my savings. Then, my people let us live with them. Then I went on relief and occasionally did odd jobs on the W.P.A. My old concern is out of business. But now

business has picked up; industry is running almost full time, and I find that the doors are closed against me on account of my age. There are hundreds of thousands of others just like me. They have children to send through high school and college. Are we to remain unwanted by industry, obsolete? Is there no place in rich industrial America where an able bodied American citizen of middle age can find employment to support his family in decency?"

"I can't employ you today because of the rules my superior officers have given me. But so help me God, I see your plight. We must not discard our manhood just in the prime of life. You have touched on a short sighted policy of our industrial leaders. If industry will not employ them on fair terms, industry must support them through taxes to the Government. There are many angles to be ironed out, but I promise you here and now that I am going to take this up with the president and directors of our company, and when our industrial association meets I want this problem worked out where all the concerns making our products will change their hiring policies so that men of your age can be provided for."

The substance of this conversation has been repeated in the employment offices of many concerns thousands of times. The American Legion is interested in the problem because the average veteran out of work comes against this age bar. As National Chairman of the Legion's Employment Committee, I am determined, with the help of Legionnaires, and many

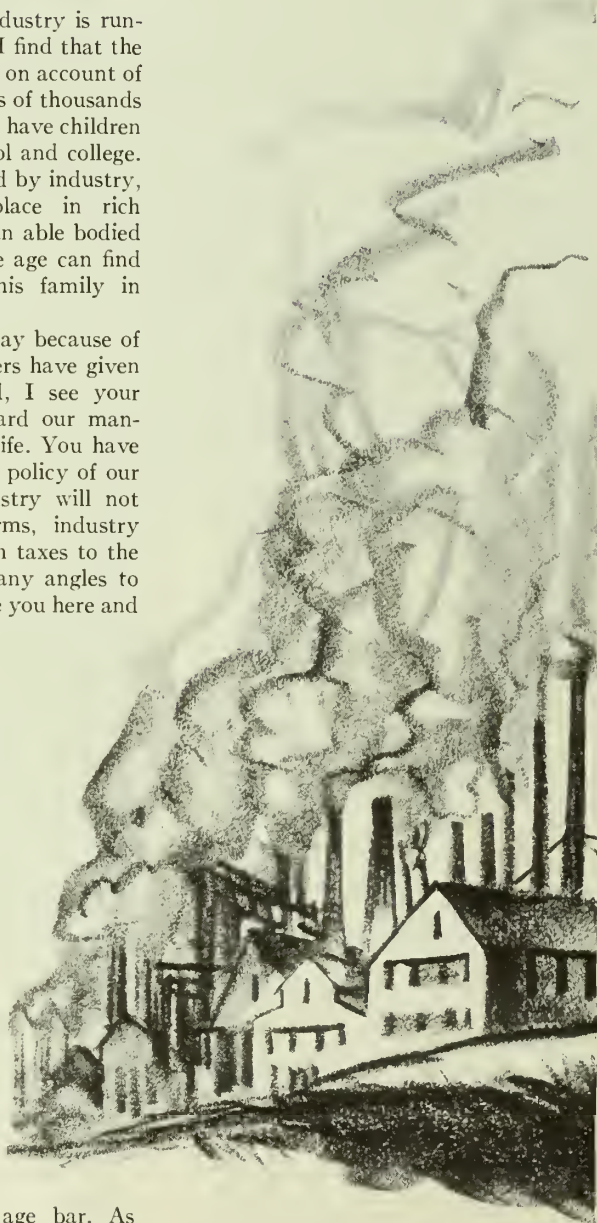




Illustration by
HERBERT ROESE



agencies, to try to analyze the problem and find a solution for it insofar as possible.

We want the co-operation of the employers; we want to help them remove the present obstacles now making the man over 40 obsolete. We shall face the question without prejudice and try to look at all sides.

We believe the average man of veteran age is reaching the height of his usefulness; he has attained maturity in judgment and responsibility. His spirit has been enriched by his experience; his knowledge, tempering of muscles and intellect make up for his lack of youthful vitality. He is more painstaking in his work, steadier, level headed and attentive. The rest of the population may be restless and ready to listen to radical ideas, but he will have none of that. Being a father makes him a regular worker rather than an uneven one. He is a valuable addition to a force, for he stabilizes the morale and inspires loyalty; he is constructive rather than destructive. It is unfair to junk him, to call him obsolete, to say he is useless, except as a watchman and the like. Let industry scrap its age barrier and the human scrap heap will be reduced.

The employer has his side of the story. Fierce competition and the just desire for dividends make it seem imperative that he cut costs. Some employers say group insurance is higher, making it necessary to discriminate against the man of middle age; that compensation insurance is higher, because he is more likely to be injured, and, if injured, it takes the older man longer to get well; that the introduction of new methods and constantly improving machinery leave the older man "occupationally disabled" to compete with a younger man; that the growing cry

"THE average man of veteran age is reaching the height of his usefulness; he has attained maturity in judgment and responsibility: his knowledge, tempering of muscles and intellect make up for his lack of youthful vitality"

for more speed leaves the older man unable to stand the grind; that if they hire a man of middle age his period of usefulness is shorter, and pension or retirement costs are relatively higher.

The policies of the Legion are in process of formation. We want to help the employer remove this age prejudice and to equalize employment opportunities. We want to help the employe of middle age place himself on a par with those of younger years. We want to enlarge employment opportunities generally, because in this day of modern mass production there is a labor surplus in America, which makes the road of the middle aged man harder to travel.

The Legion is now *(Continued on page 48)*

CAREERS ALOFT

By

HORACE S. MAZET

*Lieutenant, United
States Marine Corps Reserve*

IT IS estimated by competent observers that January 1937 found the following *military* aircraft possessed by these respective nations: United States, 2,200; British Empire, 4,500; France, 4,000; Germany, 3,700; Russia, 4,000; Italy, 3,000; Japan, 2,100. On the face of it, the United States is far from being in the van numerically. In addition, no one can estimate the actual number of airplanes which are being produced under cover by martial countries such as Italy, Germany and Russia. In each of these three countries a great national spirit has infused the military forces, and through their leaders, the youth. Ambitious projects are now working out, designed to create a flying contingent formidable in war. Already Russia is engaged in instructing five thousand flight students.

A project of magnificent proportions! But it is amply echoed in Italy and Germany. The Fatherland, for instance, has flaunted its defiance of the Versailles Treaty by training hundreds of youths with military wings, in pursuit ships capable of around 300 miles per hour and in light bombers and medium bombers hitting from 230 to 260 miles per hour. Lucien Zacharoff, New York *Times* correspondent, estimates that German plants are capable of producing 4,000 planes and 6,000 engines a year. There is no underestimating the importance of military aviation under Hitler's aegis.

Italy's ability eventually to produce military aircraft is regulated wholly by the dictator and cannot be accurately predicted for future years. At present, she is able to build 100 planes a month. That Italy will seek supremacy in the skies in any subsequent engagements is obvious from her last expedition, echoed in her manifestos regarding power in the

Mediterranean. No wonder our own editorialists and Congressmen reiterate the dangers in unpreparedness for aerial warfare.

What is the United States doing? She is appropriating funds for the construction of hundreds of new planes for

an air reserve of unprecedented size. Recent legislation and an increasing air-mindedness on the part of Congress and leaders in preparedness have resulted in greater numbers of flight students at the Army and Navy training centers, and a large jump in the several classes graduat-



the Army and Navy, although not in overwhelming numbers. She is jealously guarding exports of late types of armed aircraft and the dissemination of performance data thereof. But more important to the youth of America, she is furnishing the opportunity and the money for flight training to young men who otherwise would be forced to enter the older branches of the service, and building up

"See this gadget here?" Army Air Corps students get their aerial photography instruction from the ground up

ing from these schools throughout the year.

The Army Flight School at Randolph Field, Texas, a year ago was sadly disappointed in the number of applicants



**The Army's Martin bombers
come along in formation**

for training as flight cadets. This condition has been remedied in part by changing regulations under which army cadets live after graduation. The Navy, accepting flight cadets as well, will be undermanned in pilot personnel until 1943 and is seeking to stop the gap with temporary aviators on cadet status graduating from Pensacola as rapidly as facilities permit. In these two schools, it seems to me, lies an opportunity for American youth today greater than ever before providing training and qualification in one of the finest vocations of the age. It takes merely suitability, the will

Radio communication is all important in military flying. Here a group of flying cadets at Randolph Field, Texas, learn the ropes



to persevere and strict application to the job in hand.

The Naval Aviation Cadet Battalion was brought into being as a result of Public Bill No. 37 passed by Congress on April 15, 1935. This bill, incorporating some desirable features for aeronautically minded young men, provides:

Age limit: over eighteen and under twenty-eight. Candidates selected will be enlisted and sent to Naval Reserve Aviation bases for one month's elimination flight instruction. Those selected from these groups are appointed Naval Reserve Aviation Cadets and ordered to the Naval Air school at Pensacola, Florida, for not more than one year's training duty. Those qualifying at

Pensacola are ordered to active duty with the fleet for not more than three years. During elimination training students receive \$54 per month and subsistence and quarters or allowance therefor. As Cadets, they receive \$105 per month and in the fleet, \$155 per month, which amounts include a subsistence allowance of \$1.00 per day. While training on shore the required uniforms are furnished and a cash allowance of \$150 for the purchase of uniforms when ordered to sea. Each aviation cadet is insured for \$10,000, premiums paid by the Government during his period of active service. Upon completion of three years active duty with the fleet cadets are eligible for commission in the Naval Reserve (or Marine Corps Reserve) and receive a cash payment of \$1,500.

Some three hundred cadets successfully completed the flight course at Pensacola during the first year the Cadet Battalion was in existence, and most of these pilots are now with the fleet or with Marine Corps squadrons on 'extended active duty.

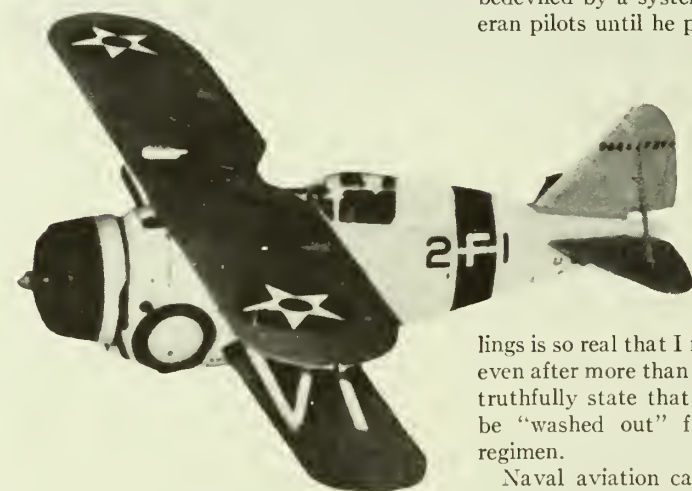
Right now the Navy has over four hundred of its service planes manned by these cadets, at sea and ashore. It has been found that the requirements of aviation are such that only about 23 percent of the graduates of each class from the Naval Academy qualify as naval aviators. As a result of the new aviation building program aviation fell so far behind the manning requirement for planes that Congress launched its cadet program designed to supply the personnel deficiencies. With five appointments at the Naval Academy these temporary officers will meet the requirements in 1941, at which time there will be about 721 of them. From this time forward their strength decreases until as a class they should eventually disappear. Thus far there has been little difficulty in procuring sufficient applicants of the proper

physique, skill and age. Further assistance in meeting the increasing demands for naval aviators was given by Congress recently in removing the limitation on the number of non-aviation tactical and gunnery observers, thus releasing qualified aviators to duties pertaining to actual control of aircraft.

Of the first class of naval aviation cadets, nine Naval Reserve and seven Marine Corps Reserve pilots were commissioned as second lieutenants in the United States Marine Corps and were assigned directly to Marine Corps aviation squadrons. About 500 cadets are receiving training at Pensacola at present, and each month a group is graduated. This procedure will continue, to provide about 250 pilots for the fleet from the candidates selected during the fiscal year 1937.

The men who are at Pensacola represent most of the major colleges and uni-

versities of the country. They are quartered in their own barracks, have their own mess hall and recreation building and select their own cadet officers. Drills are conducted along lines followed by midshipmen at the Naval Academy.



One half of each working day is spent at the squadrons in actual flying, while the other half is devoted to ground school, in a course which requires about ten months for the completion. A student goes through indoctrination, a study of engines with plenty of practical work, comprehensive courses in aerodynamics, construction, equipment and overhaul, and a short instruction period in parachutes. Throughout, each man spends an hour each day on radio code practice, with a complete course in communication procedure, blinker, theory, semaphore and flags. In addition, a two weeks' course in aerial photography is accorded a place in the curriculum, with emphasis on reconnaissance and mapping. Navigation, scouting, strategy and tactics follow as a natural part of a sailor's training, and gunnery in many phases, particularly as adapted to air work, includes smoke screens, torpedoes, bombing and camera guns. Aerology is a major course. For thirty-eight weeks

the student ponders over his books during the half day his wing is at school; the remainder of the day he flies.

The flight training course consists of a preliminary indoctrination and a progressive, increasingly exacting series of squadron assignments. A student either is found wanting and is returned to his home, or he successfully masters primary seaplanes and landplanes until he is thoroughly familiar with every phase of aerobatics, night flying, blind or instrument flying, extended hops and airmanship. Thereafter he advances to scouting, patrol, and combat. In this last category he fires both fixed and free machine guns, tries dive bombing, catapults, dog-fights, and formations. And at every step in his instruction he is bedeviled by a system of checks by veteran pilots until he possesses hardly any

peace of mind; yet this system produces the finest type of flyers. The terror and dread of this inexorable system which means the end of service flying for so many ambitious fledglings is so real that I remember it vividly, even after more than eight years, and can truthfully state that it is no disgrace to be "washed out" from so exacting a regimen.

Naval aviation cadets are thus forming a new, important factor in our national defense, serving their country at a time when no one can see precisely what will transpire among the nations of the world. In years to come they will compose a sizeable backbone in the seagoing branch of America's air reserve, which is yearly winning increasing regard in aerial circles.

Major General Oscar Westover, Chief of the Air Corps, United States Army, commented not long ago on the problem of obtaining candidates for the status of Flying Cadet in quantities sufficient to guarantee against any impairment of national defense. A bill was passed by the 1936 Congress which provides for commission in the Air Reserve of the Army immediately upon completion of



the flight course. It insures three years' active duty with a tactical unit under the reserve status as a commissioned second lieutenant. Then the officer has the option of accepting his discharge and a bonus of \$500, or of continued active duty for another two years in the grade of first lieutenant, provided his services are acceptable to the Government. At the termination of this duty, he is eligible for a bonus of another \$500, and discharge. The bill also provides for an increase from 500 to 1,350 in the number of officers who may be detailed to active duty at one time.

Many flying cadets are keenly interested in obtaining permanent commissions in the Regular Army. General Westover reports that 327 graduates of the Army Flight Center who had entered from civilian life were so commissioned. Even with these inducements, all vacancies in the flight classes at Randolph Field, Texas, have not been filled. It is strongly suspected by many, including myself, that this condition obtains partially because young men of today do not know what opportunities are open to them.

To be eligible for flight training in the Army, candidates must be unmarried male citizens who, at the date of enlistment, have reached the age of twenty but have not passed their twenty-seventh birthday. The applicant must either present a certificate from the registrar of a recognized college or university, showing that he has satisfactorily passed one half, or more, of the necessary credits for a degree which normally requires four years' work, (Continued on page 52)



ROUNDUP

TAKE a look at that small type stuff toward the back of this or any recent issue. Looks like a roster of wartime outfits, doesn't it? That's just about what it is.

Any National Convention of The American Legion is a thousand smaller conventions rolled together, only those smaller affairs aren't called conventions. They're known as outfit reunions. They are of all sizes, from tiny detachments up to full divisions (it apparently hasn't occurred to anyone yet to hold a reunion of the First Army, A.E.F., but it probably will). In style they extend from the casual and impromptu, with the program permitted to look after itself, to the formal gathering with regulation speakers and toastmasters and all the fixin's. In setting they range from obscure basement back-rooms to elaborate banquet halls. In personnel, they are all much alike in their differences, for they include gobs and admirals, cooks and generals, even colonels and lieutenant-colonels in whose bosoms the in-

feriority and superiority complexes of 1918 have long since dried up.

IT IS a grand thing thus to make as permanent as a workaday world and a far-flung country will permit those friendships and associations which became cemented nineteen years ago through the casual fact of war. The war demanded only two things from the millions on whom it called to perform its unpleasant chores—physical fitness and youth. The age bracket expanded desperately in the countries closest to the actual ructions. The insatiable hopper of mobilization had to dip as low as sixteen and as high as fifty in order to meet the terrible toll of attrition, and every member of the A.E.F. recalls grizzled Frenchmen and Germans in uniform who well exceeded the half-century mark. America, thank God, did not have to endure to this extremity.

Our four and a half million in uniform had only these two attributes of age and physique in

common. Our wartime Army and Navy thus became the finest possible melting pot of democracy. Only the arbitrariness of rank cut across that spirit, as it had to, and the divisions of rank by no means inevitably followed the divisions common to civil life.

It is this very spirit, with the rank pruned out of it, that makes the outfit reunion a memorable feature of a Legion national convention panorama.

An American Legion National Convention is therefore an outfit reunion embracing all outfit reunions. It is a cross section cutting across dozens of other cross sections. It presents the finest composite photograph of America that can ever be taken. That photograph, this September, will be available for the inspection of the most populous center of the United States—not New York City alone, but the whole compact Northeast.

You who are Legionnaires, come and get in it.

You who are not Legionnaires, come and see it.

UP FIFTH AVENUE AGAIN IN 1937

By WILLIAM J. PEDRICK,

President, The Fifth Avenue Association; Chairman, Executive Committee of The American Legion 1937 Convention Corporation of New York City

THE commemoration by The American Legion of the twentieth anniversary of America's entry into the World War will have as its parade mecca the world's most renowned Street—Fifth Avenue. This, in the minds of us associated with this distinctive thoroughfare, is as it should be, since Fifth Avenue was the route upon which paraded contingent after contingent of American troops returning from the A. E. F. following their participation in the world's greatest war. These victory parades were glorious affairs and public occasions of universal acclaim. These seemingly endless chains of marching American young men who strode in 1918 and 1919 between the lines of cheering millions will once again, augmented by many thousands of other Legionnaires, receive the acclaim of the thronged lines of spectators lining Fifth Avenue.

The greatest parades of history which have marched up and down Fifth Avenue will not compare with The American Legion parade this September 21st. Not only will the

duration of time of the parade be unprecedented, but the character of this parade's composition will be unequalled. It will be something that New York and Fifth Avenue, which we may say with pardonable pride have seen most things, have never seen before. New York and Fifth Avenue are going to meet and acclaim America—All America.

In the two-mile line of march will be presented a human, thrilling and colorful pageant made up of men and women of every community of our nation. Upon sidewalks, in the grandstands and from the windows of skyscrapers and other buildings, marchers will be greeted by New Yorkers who in numberless instances have in the past years come from every State in the Union to make their homes in this metropolitan city. Fifth Avenue in September will be the Main Street of all America.

It will be the hospitable avenue of home-town meetings. The Avenue of the Allies in 1919 will in 1937 be the Avenue of the States, portraying to all the world a united America.

WANT *to* BE *a* SOUSA?



Tum-te-tum-tum-tum-tum

DOWN the street they come, across the parade ground they go, or in the band shell they sit, youngsters proudly blaring forth the music of the bands!

Maybe they're sons of veterans, ranging all the way from little fellows still in the grades to husky lads in high school. Maybe they're school outfits, near the same age and size. Or a Boy Scout band, or some other group. Whatever they are, they're the hope of adult bands and orchestras, and the pride of musical America.

I've had some thrilling moments in my rather interesting career of forty years in music—thirty-eight of these years with the "President's Own," the U. S. Marine Band at Washington. I've led my band down Pennsylvania Avenue in inaugural parades, played for the tottering old boys in Blue and in Gray at their conventions, and directed the U. S. Marine orchestra

at many a function at the White House. But I get a genuine thrill out of standing before an American Legion band or drum and bugle corps, whether as judge or spectator. And although anyone must be impressed by the glamor, skill and precision of the World War veterans when they set themselves to the serious business of music and marching, I thrill especially at the music and maneuvers of these junior outfits. They'll be playing the music of the future!

The U. S. Marine Band in its long history since the administration of John Adams—more than 138 years—has frequently been referred to as a model for bands the country over. Certainly some outstanding leaders of this band—among them the great John Philip Sousa, and his successor, William H. Santelmann—left their definite imprint upon band develop-

ment and musical appreciation generally in America. I hope now that it may actively encourage the organization of junior bands throughout the country.

Sons of veterans, I discover from a little figuring with the calendar, are filling up a lot of desks in the grades and in junior high schools. What a chance to get every son of them into some musical organization! That is, everyone that has any musical talent at all. It has to be recognized that some youngsters are more talented than others. But there's much latent musical talent, buried under neglect or lack of proper encouragement, ready to let loose its entertaining and cultural value upon home, school and community, if given a chance.

No father need feel hopeless about not being musical himself. Perhaps the young fellow received some musical gifts from his mother, never yet suspected! It's



Any number of Legion-sponsored Scout troops. Here's one, directed by Henry K. Burtner Post, Greensboro, North Carolina, that provides its own music

worth the try to find out, and you may get a pleasant surprise.

How old must a boy be to start in music? What age to start him in a band?

No hard and fast answer can be made. Generally speaking, the junior high school is the golden era for musical beginnings. That means from the eighth grade in school on up. Ages from 12 to 15.

But many boys take to a cornet, clarinet, horn, drums or what have you, much earlier. Referring again to my own beginnings, I was given a violin to play as a ten-year-old lad. I was entranced with the idea of playing it. We lived in the city of Washington, and I was fortunate enough to receive lessons from Director Santelmann. Besides leading the Marine Band, he was building up an orchestra, and I worked hard to make a place in it. The Columbia Theater orchestra needed a violin player, and despite my youth I was accepted. That was in 1896. I wanted badly to get into the U. S. Marine Band, and so began studying the clarinet. In

September, 1898, my proud day arrived. I was made a member of the band. For several years I continued to play in the theater orchestra. The pay of the Marine bandmen in that

day was small, and the rules permitted us to do private work.

"How can you tell what instrument a

By
CAPTAIN TAYLOR
BRANSON
LEADER, United States
Marine Band

boy should play?" is a question so often asked band leaders. Again, there is no invariable answer. But certain rules will help. In the first place, notice what instrument the boy seems to turn to naturally. He'll express a preference, in a majority of cases.

"I'm going to play the cornet!" he announces. Or, "I want a trombone!" He might demand a set of drums, with the boyish conviction thrown in that he'll be the star drummer of the town in a year or so.

These expressed preferences do not always indicate the boy's best native musical adaptation, I am sorry to say. They may arise from the fact that a chum has extolled the glories of this, that or the other instrument; or some musical hero, local, radio, or movie, plays such-and-such.

Here's where the advice of a good leader may help. He should be able to take several factors into consideration: The boy's temperament, physique, and—quite important—the type of lips and face he possesses. The lips are very important in deciding what instrument should be played.

I consider it fortunate that I took up the clarinet as well as the violin. Therein

lies a suggestion: Any boy who begins music in earnest should be encouraged to play two instruments—one for band and one for orchestra. Of course many of the same instruments are used in both band and orchestra. But it's an added accomplishment of which any budding musician may be proud, to play more than one instrument.

Orchestra training is of great benefit to a bandsman for it makes for better tonality and intonation. The playing of a stringed instrument will enable a player to have a more refined tone on his band instrument. It will also enable him to play it better in tune, for orchestral playing trains the ear as nothing else can.

Within a year after I joined the Marine Band, Mr. Santelmann organized a symphony orchestra within the band. He required every member of the organization to double on a stringed instrument unless he was a soloist. Conductor Santelmann was himself a violinist of note. He put nearly four years of preparation into evolving the orchestra. In the meantime, the band was increased from thirty to sixty members. In 1902 the conductor decided his orchestra was good enough to play in the White House in place of the band. Since that appearance, the Marine Band has played in the White House at all White House functions as a symphony orchestra.

It is impossible to overestimate the importance of a good leader for junior bands. It's a principle in Boy Scout work, or in any organized juvenile activity, that good leadership is about seventy-five percent of the battle. It certainly is true of band and orchestra work. Any group or community planning to organize a boys' band will set itself first of all to finding the best possible leader.

His qualifications? First of all, a leader should have character. It goes without saying that his reputation must be above reproach. There's too much at stake in the effect of his leadership upon immature minds and lives to run any risk on that score. There should be no real difficulty in finding a man (Continued on page 50)



She's from Wyoming and the Department championship drum corps at Green River



14 MILLION

WHEN, in 1934, The American Legion in Nebraska looked over the record of three and one-half million trees planted in that State as a result of their first general tree planting campaign it was with pride and satisfaction. The campaign was a successful one from every point of view. The goal had been reached. But even the most enthusiastic could not visualize the planting of fourteen million trees in a similar campaign just three years later.

That is just what has happened. The tree-planting campaign for 1937 was officially closed on Arbor Day with appropriate exercises at Lincoln, the state capital, and in other sections. Legion officials were staggered when reports began to come in to Department Headquarters indicating that the net result of the campaign had given to Nebraska a total of more than fourteen million young trees planted, exceeding the goal set by the Conservation Committee by approximately forty percent. The slogan adopted in 1934 "A Tree for Every Stump," is nearer complete realization.

The idea of this great community and state service project arose from a real need. This same need in a compara-

tively treeless country gave to J. Sterling Morton, a distinguished citizen of Nebraska, the idea of setting apart one day in each year as Arbor Day, a custom first observed in Nebraska in 1872 that has spread until half the civilized world observes it today. The Nebraska Legion caught the vision and has sought to carry out fully the ideal of the pioneer founder and his associates who did so much to convert the barren prairie into a habitable and fruitful land.

The need for a continuation of the Arbor Day observance and tree planting campaign has been accentuated by years of drought and economic depression; the drought took an immense toll from tree life on the waterless plains and along the dried-up water courses, and because of the economic depression many millions of the planted and natural stand of Nebraska's trees were cut to supply needed fuel. Highway construction and other improvements have also necessitated the removal of many trees, and even though some of these losses were unavoidable, they constituted a loss far greater than the monetary value of the trees themselves. Aside from any aesthetic consideration, trees are vital in preventing soil erosion, in giving shelter to farmsteads and homes, protecting growing



crops from storms and hot winds, and to provide cover for the wild life. In Nebraska the past three years have constituted the most devastating drought period in the history of the State, when the staggering losses to tree life amounted to about one-third of the stand at the beginning of 1934. The situation was further aggravated by the fact that, because of the continued drought, the survival of new plantings had been small.

When Verne Taylor assumed office last August as Department Commander he placed the tree planting campaign as one of the major objectives of his administration, and named Past Department Commander M. L. Poteet, of Lincoln, as Chairman of the Arbor Day Committee. This committee set about perfecting a

state-wide organization, readopted the 1934 slogan, "Plant a Tree for Every Stump," fixed their goal at ten million trees, and opened a publicity campaign to arouse public interest. Chairman Poteet found that the state and national agencies were more than willing to co-operate, and in the personnel of the conservation agencies he found men who had made exhaustive studies of tree life in Nebraska and of the species that had the best chance of survival in different sections, among which were the Ponderosa pine, red cedar, Austrian pine, hackberry and burr oak.

The schools and the Boy Scouts were enlisted in the campaign. Committees composed of Legionnaires, conservation experts, school men, Boy Scout leaders and public officials met every week for months to formulate plans for a program which it was hoped would replace the losses of recent years. Every form of publicity was used by the committee to arouse interest and make the whole State of Nebraska tree conscious—radio, newspapers, magazines, house organs, speeches, bulletins and hundreds of letters—urging the fulfillment of the goal of

now serving as Assistant Secretary of Commerce, was the principal speaker.

The Legion pleaded its cause well. Chairman Poteet's committee had enlarged and broadened its scope so that before the campaign had reached its end there was committee direction and supervision in almost every community. Immediately after Arbor Day the reports began to pile up at Department Headquarters, starting as a thin trickle, then swelling to almost flood proportions, with a recorded total of plantings by State and Federal agencies, municipalities, Legion Posts and Auxiliary Units, schools, Boy Scouts and individuals exceeding the fourteen million mark. The actual plantings, of course, ran higher, but having exceeded the goal by forty percent the Arbor Day Committee and the Legion organization were satisfied to rest and reflect with pride and satisfaction on the results of their campaign.

That the reports sent to Department Headquarters were not by any means complete has been indicated by later re-



founding of Arbor Day in Nebraska, with such an outstanding record of actual accomplishment in number of trees planted and awakening of the citizens to a sense of the vital need of trees and forests, is just a beginning of the job undertaken by The American Legion in Nebraska. There will be future economic disturbances. Fire-wood will be needed then as much as now. Other droughts will occur. The conservation program has been adopted because of the Legion's belief that the resources of a great State should not be depleted to the point of almost utter exhaustion when it is possible to replace a tree for every stump and to add to the forest, timber and shade tree reserve.

Drum Head Souvenirs

THE American soldier overseas during the World War was noted as an inveterate souvenir hunter. There were some few exceptions, of course, but to the general average everything from buttons to machine guns was just grist in the mill, and the collection of souvenirs was limited only to weight when personal transportation was necessary. Through devious ways, tons of these souvenirs were transported home and now serve as trophies to decorate dens or adorn the walls of Legion halls and clubs.

Collingdale (Pennsylvania) Post has acquired and proudly displays a collection of war-time drum heads which is thought to be unique in distribution of organizations and in number. Included in the collection are the drum heads once owned by bands of famous regiments, and others by war-time units that have since been disbanded. All of these drum heads, according to Post Chaplain Warden W. Clark, have been acquired through the good old A. E. F. method of salvage.

Another collection owned by Collingdale Post is a complete collection of chevrons, including both dress and field, worn by non-commissioned officers of the United States Army from the Civil War down to the present.

Front Rank Unbroken

NOT every Post in the Legion can call the roll of its Past Commanders and have each in his turn answer present—not only be present on ceremonial

TREES



This is not the man with the hoe, but Legionnaire J. Monroe Johnson planting a tree at Boy Scout camp near Lincoln, Nebraska. On opposite page, Fidelity Post members in action on Arbor Day planting trees in the Legion lot of the cemetery at Ord, Nebraska

ports from Posts and civic units. The Legion community organizations entered the work wholeheartedly and in complete co-operation with other agencies and so effectively that reports that are almost astounding have been made. One post at Niobrara, with forty-four

ten million young trees. Local observance of Arbor Day was urged. A great Arbor Day meeting and program was planned and held at the new Boy Scout Camp near Lincoln, where Legionnaire J. Monroe Johnson, of South Carolina,

members, aroused so much local interest that it was able to report some 200,000 trees planted in the section that it serves. Other Posts saw to it that every school district in their county had trees to plant.

The sixty-fifth anniversary of the

occasions or when the Post throws a feed, but present for duty at any and all times. As was pointed out some months ago, a Post organized in the fall of 1919 now has eighteen Past Commanders and eighteen years is a long time for any group to remain intact. Death and removal to other communities has broken the chain in many Posts, leaving gaping blanks in the front ranks of post workers.

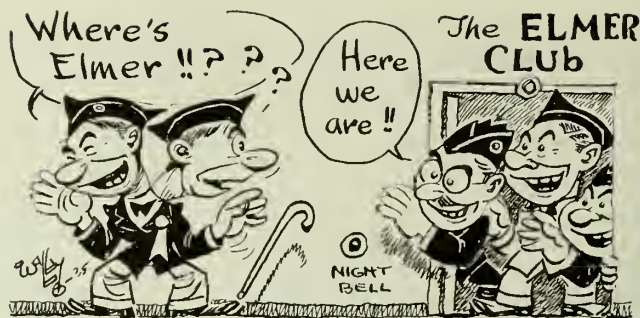
Ed McGrail, who directs the fire as Department Adjutant down in West Virginia, can tell the anxious inquirer just how difficult it is to find a Post with an unbroken roster of Past Commanders. Some months ago he offered ten dollars to the first one of the older Posts in his Department to send in a group picture of all its Past Commanders. Much later he announced in *The West Virginia Legionnaire* that the offer had gone begging, but would not be withdrawn.

Really, it is not for the purpose of giving Bill Murray, Department Adjutant of Connecticut, an opportunity to crow over Ed McGrail that this magazine again breaks a more or less established policy in the use of group pictures and presents to the Legion at large the Past

James H. Hastings, Russell M. Drumn, Harold P. Olsen, and George I. Wells.

George E. Sullivan, Past Commander of Peter Umathum Post at Woodstock, Illinois, reports that all Past Commanders of his Post, dating from organization in 1920, retain membership in the Post and are active in its affairs. These Past Commanders of the third Post in Illinois to claim such a record are David R. Joslyn, Jr., Warren R. Fish, Thomas P. Bolger, Harold E. Reese, C. C. Miner, Clyde F. Baccus, William M. Carroll, George E. Sullivan, Lester Edinger, Fred Boehart, Harold Gilles, George E. Grant, Charles A. Kuppe, William R. Cairns, Raymond C. Johnson, Matt Hoesley and Louis Ohlrich.

The other Illinois Posts reporting all Past Commanders present for duty are Navy Post of Chicago, and Louis E. Davis Post of Bloomington, both mentioned a few months ago.



Canadian city a chance to compete in an international rifle match. The competition is under the direction of P. H. Henley, a Past Commander of Montreal Post.

Kenosha Vote Getters

JUST a few years ago Kenosha (Wisconsin) Post instituted a get-out-the-vote campaign in its home city and, with the co-operation of the Kenosha Chamber of Commerce and the Boy Scouts, has achieved a notable success. Since this project was undertaken Kenosha has seen an increase of sixty-one percent in the number of people voting, and much of this increase is attributed by civic leaders to Kenosha Post's awakening a civic consciousness and arousing a sense of responsibility in government by qualified voters.

Small cards reminding the citizens of their duty to vote are prepared in advance, printed by the Chamber of Commerce, and on election day are distributed by Boy Scouts under Legion supervision. This is a final effort to bring out a full vote in a campaign that is not in any way tinged with political partisanship. Homeowners and business houses are urged to display flags on all election days as a constant reminder to the voter of his duty as a citizen.



Commanders of Ezra Woods Post of New Milford, Connecticut, no blanks, all still active in Legion work in the Post they served as Commander. However, the number is short one man for the reason that the first Commander who had a short term in 1919 liked it so well he came back in 1921 for a full term.

The Past Commanders of Ezra Woods Post claim to have organized the pioneer Past Commanders Club, organized October 22, 1927. Members of the club have marched in the National Convention parades at Boston, Chicago, Detroit, and Cleveland with their banner, "The First Past Commanders Club in the Legion," and have not as yet been challenged in their claim. Reading from left to right in the picture, in the order of their service, are: Sitting, Henry J. Brant, S. Boynton Ferris, Harold D. Pulver, Burr M. Staub, Lynn N. Deming, J. Leo Murphy, E. Paul Martin and Richard M. Parker. Standing, Howard A. Smith, J. Charles Meloy, Paul G. Newton, Howard D. Mock,

Part of a collection of war-time drum heads owned by Collingdale Post. At right, display of souvenirs and trophies in the Post home

Montreal Offers Trophy

KEEPING in step with the youth activity program of the Legion in the homeland, Montreal (Canada) Post has put up a magnificent trophy to be competed for by the junior rifle clubs of Greater Montreal and immediate vicinity and has arranged for the competition on a standard range under Legion supervision. The winner each year will represent Montreal Post in The American Legion national rifle competition for the A. A. Mitten Trophy, thus affording the youngsters of our neighboring





No breaks in the ranks of the Past Commanders of Ezra Woods Post of New Milford, Connecticut, and all have maintained continuous membership and activity in post and Legion affairs

Americanism in Delaware

THE Americanism Committees of the Department of Delaware and the Grande Voiture, 40 and 8, have accomplished a most effective work in flag education through the schools of that State by the publication and distribution of works that may be dignified with the title of text books on the flag. The work is under the direction of Dr. Samuel Engle Burr, Americanism Officer for the Department, who, in his official life, is Superintendent of Schools of New Castle.

The intensive work in flag education was begun last year, when the committee prepared and sent into every school a pamphlet for use of the pupils, *The Flag of the United States*, and at the same time placed in the hands of every teacher an eight-page pamphlet, *Suggestions to Teachers Regarding the Use of The American Legion Flag Code*.

Encouraged by the demand for the pamphlets both within and without the Department of Delaware, the Americanism Committee has prepared another and larger book, again under the editorial supervision of Dr. Burr, *Our Flag and Our Schools*, which is not only a textbook on the flag but a guide to the observance of patriotic days in the schools. While designed especially for use in the public and private schools of Delaware, the book has such a general application that Legion Posts and Voitures of the 40 and 8 have placed it in schools in other States.

The Same Both Ways

THOSE who read Hugh Hanna's story about his wheel horses in the last number of the magazine—and that should

include just about everybody in the Legion—now know why South Carolina is proud of its Legion. They have men



The American Legion of Montreal, Canada, encourages junior riflemen by offering this beautiful trophy

and leaders who do things. But his space ran out before he could begin to tell the story. In fact, he missed a lot of things. For one thing Hugh said nothing about Myrtle Beach Post and its Commander whose name is exactly the same when spelled backward or forward—Leon Noel. Try it on your ouija board and page Mr. Ripley.

Number One Honor Man

JACK ARTHUR OBERMEYER, New York City midshipman, winner of The American Legion prize last year as the outstanding man of his class at the Naval Academy at Annapolis, was Number One honor man of the graduating class this year. He was the hero of the final day of the general exercises of June Week when, at the final dress parade, he received seven prizes for excellence in scholastic and professional branches. These prizes fell into two classes—four marine binoculars and three watches.

The Corps of Cadets

THE worthwhileness of a certain amount of military training in the schools has been demonstrated to the entire satisfaction of a great number of Posts of the Legion, and each year a greater number of Posts and Departments report activity in sponsoring or in lending encouragement to school cadets. And now from Arizona comes a report of a corps of Cadettes.

K. W. Hultz, Legion publicist, reports a plan worked out by the Posts, Auxiliary Units and Drum and Bugle Corps of Phoenix, Arizona, for the sponsorship of (Continued on page 54)

NAVY *to the* *Rescue!*



SEA service de luxe! That, logically, would be the impression that an ordinary doughboy such as we were would gain when he learned that some of the gobs of our Navy did their hitches during the World War on palatial private yachts that had been turned over to the Government by their owners. But, as usually happens



The U. S. S. Aztec, converted yacht, in port at Shelburne Falls, Nova Scotia, dressed up for the late George V's birthday in 1918. Left, some of the 700 Canadian soldiers rescued by the Aztec when the British troopship *City of Vienna* went aground near the port of Halifax

when an ex-doughboy thinks the ex-gobs got all the gravy, we find we're wrong. Edward M. Manookian of 7 Stevens Street, Malden, Massachusetts, who introduces himself as a charter member of Malden Post and a musician of Malden Post's Drum and Bugle Corps, which placed ninth in the Legion National Convention competition in Cleveland last

year, is the man who told us otherwise.

The two pictures on this page came from Comrade Manookian and with them plenty of evidence that the "yachtsmen" of the Navy saw plenty of service. Here are some of the highlights from Manookian's yarn:

"As chief yeoman of the U. S. S. *Aztec*, otherwise known as S. P. No. 590 and

flagship of the Commander of the Naval Force, First Naval District, I have first-hand knowledge of numerous naval experiences, of which I'd like to tell a few. One of the enclosed snapshots shows our 'wagon' all dressed up while in port in Shelburne Falls, Nova Scotia, where we put in during a terrific storm. It happened to be the late King George V's birthday, which accounts for the decorations. Those gobs lucky enough to get shore leave certainly painted the town, while those on watch enjoyed the usual beans and black coffee.

"The other snapshot shows a portion of the Canadian troops that we took aboard after rescuing them from the British ship *City of Vienna*

which had grounded in a storm on Black Rock, Sambro Ledges, near Halifax. They are in the after part of our craft. I had the distinct honor of recording each man as he came over the side—almost seven hundred officers and men. It was a most thrilling experience from start to finish. The Canadians made rushes direct to our galleys for hot coffee and

grub; some exchanged their uniform hats, insignia, swagger sticks and other emblems for such insignificant tokens as a gob's white hat, a silk kerchief or USN anchor pins as are worn by CPO's on their hats.

"Lieutenant Jason M. Hilton, in command, received special commendation from the Navy Department in connection with the rescue, although much credit is also due my shipmates who at the risk of their lives went back and forth to the pounding and wrecked troopship, bringing in more soldiers.

"And all this was accomplished by the *Aztec*, the palatial yacht of the late Mr. Albert C. Burrage, a wealthy business man of Boston. Mr. Burrage had maintained this yacht, under the same name and with the same captain, Hilton, who commanded it in Navy service. When war was declared, Mr. Burrage was one of those many patriotic, wealthy men who turned their ships over to the Government on a dollar-a-year basis. Its home port had been Greenport, Long Island, where our old captain still lives. When the Navy accepted it, the magnificent interior finishings of mahogany, brass, nickel, walnut and other fine materials were stripped out and the ship was repainted a battleship gray in accordance with navy regulations. Guns were mounted, both forward and aft; quarters torn out and bunks put in, chart room and pilot house refurnished and relocated.

"After the war, the Government put the *Aztec* back into its original state and returned it to Mr. Burrage. Some years ago when the *Aztec* made a trip to Boston, a few of the former crew made a visit on board and believe me, it was far from



and I hope that all of the veterans of the crew write and tell me they'll be there. Five of us met to make plans for the reunion—Albert Neddy, ex-1st class seaman, Francis P. Russell, same rating, Peter J. Larking, former 'jack-of-the-dust' (a well-known title and a deserving berth aboard any ship, inasmuch as he eats the best), Edward J. Sullivan, Past Commander of Revere (Massachusetts) Post, and myself. So let's get together."

ALSO enclosed in Manookian's letter was a copy of Lieutenant Hilton's report of the rescue to the Commander of the First District Naval Force, and a copy of the Navy Department's letter of commendation, signed by Secretary

Two of the soldier students of the Air Service school at Brooks Field, Texas, staged a wrestling match at a Fourth of July, 1918, picnic at nearby Medina Lake. Anyone recognize the contestants?



looking like the old battle wagon. Now we are looking forward to a reunion of our old crew in New York City in September during the Legion National Convention

of the Navy Josephus Daniels, to the lieutenant. We wish that we could find space for both of these documents, particularly the lieutenant's report, as it is a

thrilling account. The latter, dated July 6, 1918, reports that the *Aztec* was acting as convoy for the British steamers *Runic* and *Persic* from Boston to Halifax, having left the Navy Yard in Boston on June 30th. Thick fog was encountered during all of the trip. Then:

"At 7:18 A. M., July 2d, received S. O. S. sent broadcast from the British ship *City of Vienna* aground on Black Rock, Sambro Ledges, with 1400 Canadian troops aboard. Message stated that ship was in danger of breaking up and immediate help was needed if troops were to be taken off." The *Aztec* was about five miles away and kept in radio communication with the *City of Vienna* until close enough to lower a boat, in charge of Boatswain Berard, to ascertain exact position of the latter. "At 10:50 A. M., while awaiting return of boat, the fishing launch *Invader*, Captain Henneberry, of Sambro, came alongside and offered his assistance as pilot to take the *Aztec* close to the Ledge . . ." and the *Aztec* was taken in to about 200 yards of the wreck.

Two lifeboats and a whaleboat, in charge of Lieutenant (jg) MacInnis, Ensign Bowling and Chief Quartermaster Hubbert were lowered and sent alongside the *City of Vienna*. "The sea at this time being a heavy ground swell, and breaking alongside the wreck, made it difficult to get the soldiers into the life-boats. Excellent discipline was preserved on board, however, and the men were passed over the rail one at a time, as quickly as seas would permit. At this time fog and rain were so thick that only occasionally could the vessel be seen from the *Aztec*."

The *Aztec* took on board without an



A patient who spent almost six months in Camp Hospital No. 53 at Marseilles, France, supplied this picture of an operation there during the winter of 1918-19. Wonder who the patient might have been? How many recognize the operating staff?

men were landing more of the troops ashore at Sambro. The *Aztec*, after four hours of rescue work, got under way and at 9:30 landed the rescued Canadians by way of lighters, as the fog was too thick to tie up at the dock. The next morning it was learned that the *City of Vienna* had broken in two during the night.

After learning about that, we apologize to the gobs who served on the converted yachts. In this case, they didn't even have to get into the war zone to experience some real thrills and to render a first-class service of rescue work.

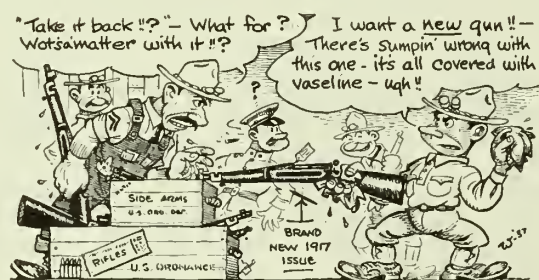
THE serious business of training troops for battle, and particularly such battles as were fought during the World War, eliminates all thought of play or recreation in connection with the job. But sports and play had their place in the training of the vast forces that were called into service during this last war. When the day's drill was over or even during the course of drill periods, time was set aside for the men in training to indulge in games—to break the monotony of drill, to keep up the men's morale, to help develop them physically and mentally. Special physical directors were selected from among the commissioned personnel and from the ranks of the Y. M. C. A., the Knights of Columbus and other welfare organizations. Mass games, boxing, wrestling, jumping and running were included in the programs.

Holidays—and particularly patriotic holidays—were especially observed. Down in Texas, an Air Service outfit staged a picnic to celebrate the Fourth of July in 1918. The snapshot on page 35 shows one of the entertainment events—a wrestling match. It came to us with several other snaps we wish we could find space for, from Legionnaire C. Stretch of Startup, Washington. He

from sage brush in December, 1917, to start what was then to become America's leading field for the training of flyers and personnel.

"The Gosport or speaking-tube system of flying instructions was first tried in the U. S. Air Service at Brooks Field—copied from the system used in England. It proved very successful and enabled each flyer to get away from the field and high in the air for his training, whereas previous training taught landings and take-offs first. If the students lived, they became flyers. This was all shelved with the new system and the men learned to fly first and the take-off and landing along with it.

"Several of the snapshots I enclose were taken at a celebration we enjoyed in 1918. On July Fourth, the Brooks Field personnel decided to have a picnic and day of sports at Medina Lake, some forty miles from San Antonio. The Army supplied the trucks, the personnel the ambition, and who engineered the feat I have forgotten. Racers, divers, swimmers, boxers and wrestlers supplied the entertainment. I'd like to know who the two men in the wrestling match were. Everyone took his own eats along, and coffee and lemonade were supplied. Johnny Coulon, at one time bantam-weight champion of the world, the little man who helped keep the men physically fit, and Bobby Burns, the ex-prizefighter, were both there and helped the party along.



offers to furnish copies of the hundred or so pictures he took, to those comrades who may want them. Read on:

"I believe I have one of the most complete sets of snapshots of any taken by men who won the war down in Texas, and I am enclosing a few of my collection. They were snapped by me at Brooks Field, Texas, near San Antonio. The field was named after the late Sidney Brooks, who was killed while a student of aviation. The public in general heard little of Brooks Field, but the better-known Kelly Field could have been hidden in one corner of the space cleared

"How many thousands, including neighboring civilians, attended the outing I cannot remember. But it was a great party. Another of the pictures, you will see, shows a soldier diving from the high dam into the lake. Don't know who he was but he had plenty of nerve and a world of knowledge of diving.

"I enlisted in the Air Service for the duration, and because of five years previous service in the National Guard from 1910 through 1914, was made sergeant major of Squadron B. My squadron consisted of anywhere from 150 to 250 men, mostly mechanics and shop men. My first airplane trip was with Captain McCready who, I believe, later held a record for sustained flight, by refueling in the air, and for non-stop transcontinental flying when it was not as easy as now. I passed the examination for flying instructions, but the war was over before I completed my course, so I took my family who had gone with me to Texas back to Startup and here I am in the grocery business. I would like to hear from anyone interested in copies of my pictures and others of the old squadron."

TWO unusual and interesting nineteen-years-after-the-war thoughts crop up in the letter that came to us with the picture, on the page opposite, of an operation in the A. E. F. from William Steinbrecher, Commander of Lloyd B. Phelps Post in Windsor, New York. First, a question that probably many other badly-wounded or seriously-ill men have asked themselves; second, a tribute to the medical officers and nurses who accomplished so much for our comrades.

Comrade Steinbrecher, who served with Company F, 2d Pioneer Infantry, sent us the picture of the operation in the A. E. F., with this letter:

"As a patient for almost six months in Camp Hospital No. 53 at Marseilles, France, I thought possibly some of the other hundreds of soldiers who cleared through that hospital might be interested in the picture I am sending. I do not know who the patient was, but no doubt many will recognize the officers, enlisted men, and the nurse in the group. At the left, in uniform, are Captain Meeker and Lieutenant McGibbons, while grouped around the operating table, from left to right, are: Captain Ryan, Nurse Miss Brigham, Lieutenant Linkman, Orderly Kneedler, Sergeant Swanson and Sergeant Major Butler.

"To Lieutenant Linkman, and to Lieutenant Williams and a nurse whose name I think was Delbridge, I owe my life. Miss Delbridge's home State was Indiana. She was later sent to Italy for service in American hospitals there. My trouble started after the Armistice. While unloading equipment from a freight car at Miramas, France, I was injured and was ordered on sick call. I was confined to bed for two days and on the evening of (Continued on page 39)



"I was on flood duty..."



SHIDELER H. HARPE, INDIANAPOLIS

**... OUR ENTIRE SQUAD OF FIFTY SOME MEN
USED MY SHAVER AT LEAST EVERY OTHER DAY"**

Does a Schick Shaver stand the wear of daily shaving? Is this wonderful instrument of precision capable of shaving tough beards and giving close shaves day after day? Judge from the following unsolicited letter:

"I am a member of the U.S. Air Corps, Indiana National Guard, and during the recent terrible flood our organization was ordered out for flood duty. I took my Schick along. We were quartered in a school building and had electricity available.

"There was no water for drinking, shaving or bathing, so shaving by usual means was out of the question.

"Our entire squad of fifty some men used my shaver at least every other day—most of us every day. I expect that in ten days the shaver received as much wear and tear as it would normally in several years, and most of it in the hands of beginners. It came through but little the worse for its trying ordeal."

WHY WAIT ANOTHER DAY?

Go to an authorized dealer. Let him show you the Schick Shaver and demonstrate its use. The price is \$15, and it is by far the cheapest way to shave—for you need no blades, no brush, no lather!

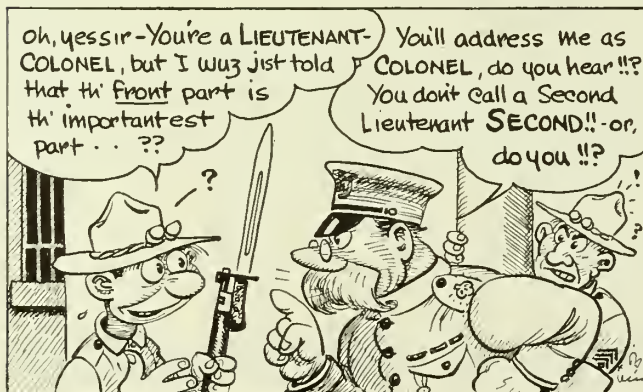
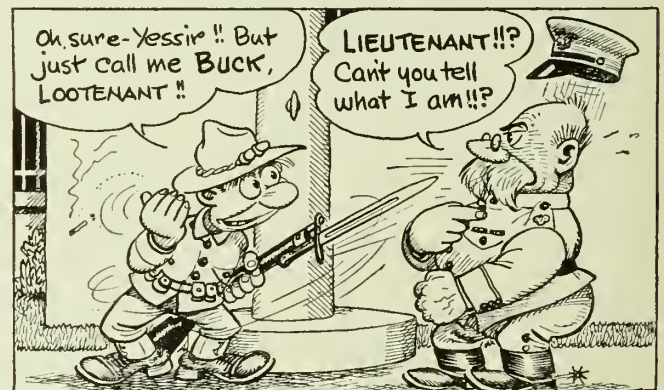
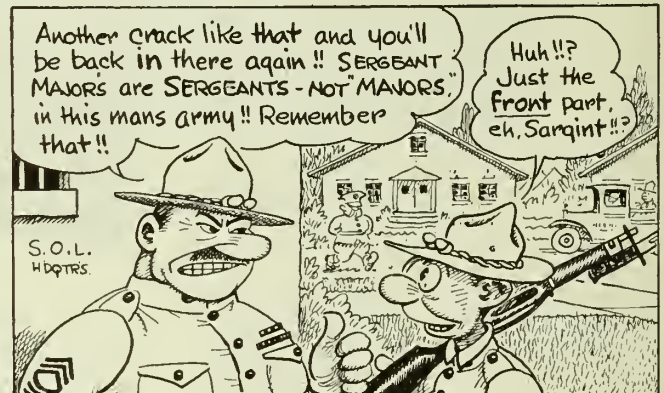
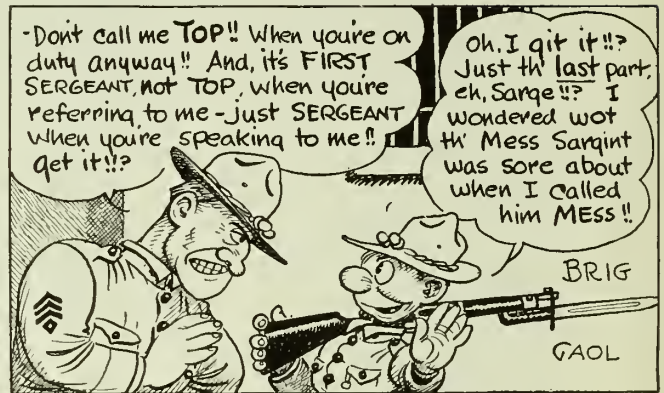
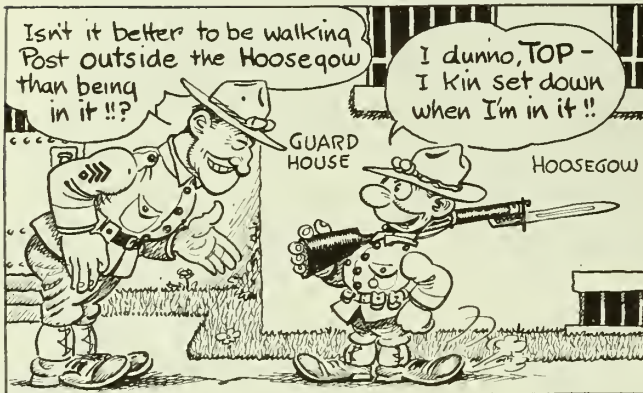
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HOOSGOW HERMAN

When It Comes to Titles He's Sunk without a Trace

By Wallgren



Navy to Rescue

(Continued from page 37)

the second day I was sent to Camp Hospital No. 53 at Marseilles, a distance of 49 miles, in a truck, arriving after midnight. That was in December, 1918.

"When I arrived, there was no bed empty so I sat in the office until they finally told me they found one in the flu ward, if I didn't mind. After traveling for six hours in a truck, I would have been glad to have a board to lie upon. Next morning I was operated upon for appendicitis. Two weeks later I started to walk with the help of two German prisoners who were also patients. That night I was operated upon for abdominal abscesses—and they parked me in the room where patients not expected to recover were kept. I fooled them that time. My troubles weren't over—later I got the flu and had a lung abscess and had to have my bed raised and be tied upright so I wouldn't choke to death. For about fifteen days they didn't know what kept me alive. Four or five doctors came in, looked at me and shook their heads. As I was in that hospital from December 20, 1918, until May, 1919, I think my case will be remembered.

"I often wonder how many of those comrades who thought I would never reach home are now gone themselves, while I still live on borrowed time?"

"I would certainly like to hear from some of the veterans of my old outfit and of my hospital days, and particularly the nurses and doctors who gave me such wonderful care."

ALMOST two decades have passed since the war was ended on the Western Front. Yet there are still relatives of soldiers who gave their lives anxious to learn something about the men's experiences and perhaps of their last moments. We enlist the aid of veterans of the famous First Division and particularly men of Company I, 26th Infantry, in connection with this request from Mrs. C. D. Worden of Kansas:

"I would sincerely appreciate it if you could locate anyone who knew my brother, who was killed in action in the Marne salient in France on July 18, 1918.

"His name: Azel B. Kline. He was a mechanic in Company I, 26th Infantry, First Division. He was only 19 years old. He enlisted from DuBois, Pennsylvania.

"I know it has been a long time, but my mother would appreciate it if you could find any of his wartime comrades or obtain any information regarding him.

"Also, if you could tell me, or where I might write to find out, why mother never received afterwards anything that belonged to him—his identification tag, a uniform but— (Continued on page 41)



VELVET TOBACCO tastes better and better the more you smoke it. This fine Burley tobacco is mellowed two years in wood... that makes it milder. And it's smoking tobacco with that pure maple sugar flavor for extra taste and aroma.

FIVE REASONS WHY YOU'LL LIKE VELVET

1. Fine old Kentucky Burley aged-in-wood.
2. Flavored with pure maple sugar for extra good taste.
3. An altogether different fragrance.
4. Cut to pack easy in a pipe — cut to roll smooth in a cigarette.
5. Every tin contains 2 full ounces.

better
Smoking
Tobacco

for pipe
or cigarette



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LIGGETT & MYERS
TOBACCO CO.

Bursts and Duds

Conducted by Dan Sowers



F. M. JONES, of Redmond, Oregon, is responsible for the story of two women discussing the frequent use of profane language by their young children.

"I have interested mine in Sunday school with fair results," said one.

"I've tried everything," said the other. "I've spanked them, I've washed their mouths out with soap, and I've sent them to Sunday school, but nothing seems to do a damned bit of good."

ACCORDING to Comrade John F. Glover, of Morgantown, West Virginia, an agricultural college student was constantly boasting of the wonderful beauty and perfection of his girl back home. One day he showed her picture to a skeptical co-ed who exclaimed in genuine surprise:

"Why, she *is* beautiful!"

"Well, didn't I tell you so?" he replied. "I haven't won three prizes in live-stock judging for nothing."

THE housemaid had been guilty of some lapse of duty. Her mistress was very much put out, and said:

"If such a thing happens again, I'll have to get another girl."

"I wish you would," replied the maid. "There's easily enough work for the two of us."

GENE HANDLEY, one time Legion Junior Baseball star, and now playing outfield with the Durham North Carolina Bulls in the Piedmont League, hands in one about the fan who took his wife to the ball game. She knew nothing about baseball, but during the course of the game became interested and asked her husband:

"Why do they always take the pitcher his sweater when he gets to first base?"

"To keep him from catching cold," replied her husband.

"Oh," said the wife, "is it colder on first base?"



A WOMAN inter-ested in prison reform, upon visiting a large penitentiary and being allowed to speak to a prisoner asked:

"Don't any of your friends ever come to visit you here?"

"No'm," replied the big roughneck. "They're all in here wit' me."

FROM K. C. Hogate of the *Wall Street Journal* comes one about a boy being absorbed in a performance at the side show. A rock had been placed on the head of the strong man and broken with a blow from a huge sledge hammer. The little spectator was amazed and finally edged his way up to the platform. "Say, mister," he called, "didn't that hurt your head?"

"Sure, sonny," the strong man replied. "What do you think I got this bottle of aspirins for?"

A MAN had just taken to golf, and on one of his first days out drew a caddie who was anything but tactful. The man had just missed digging one out of the rough and the caddie grinned.

"Look here!" exclaimed the man. "If I hear any more of your impudence I'll crack your head!"

"O. K.," said the caddie, moving away. "But I'll bet you don't know what's the right club to do it with."



THE tired radio announcer came home after a hard day of broadcasting a convention. The family gathered for dinner. The tired announcer bowed

his head to ask the blessing and all was quiet. He began:

"Good evening, Lord; this is John Smith speaking."

A SMALL boy whose father had died was being questioned by a nosey friend about the facts. She wanted to know what he died of, when he died, how old he was, and when he was to be buried. Finally she asked:

"And what were your father's last words, son?"

"He didn't have no last words," the boy replied. "Mother was with him to the very end."

FROM Jack Scott, in Philadelphia, we get one about a lieutenant colonel who had been promoted, and who celebrated by giving a banquet to his regiment. When all were seated, the new colonel said:

"Fall upon the food without pity—treat it as if it were the enemy."

At the end of the meal he noticed a man hiding two bottles of wine.

"What are you doing?" he asked.

"Obeying orders, sir. In war, when you don't kill the enemy, you make 'em prisoners."



THERE was the timid soul who had been taken into court on a minor offense.

"Have you ever been in trouble before?" he was asked by the stern-looking judge on the bench.

"Well, er, once I did keep a library book too long, and was fined fourteen cents."

THE day was hot and the traffic officer was in no pleasant frame of mind.

"Lady," he shouted, "don't you know this is a safety zone?"

"Now, don't be silly, officer," she replied. "Of course I know it's a safety zone—that's why I drove in here."

LEGIONNAIRE C. E. Hardin, of New York, is telling one about a group of young men who were candidates for commissions in an officers' training camp back in the early days of 1917. The instructor called upon a fat youth to rise and explain the solution of a problem in tactics. The fat one rose, spluttered for a moment or two, and then said the problem was too deep for him. He begged to be excused for his delinquency.

"You seem to be better fed than taught," said the instructor.

"Yes, sir," replied the fat candidate. "You teach me, but I feed myself."



NOW comes Elmer F. Brandell, of Jefferson Post, Louisville, Kentucky, with one for the members of the tall story club who are collecting Elmer-

isms. He writes this:

"On a pretty day in 1894, my parents took me to church to be baptized. The clergyman was a tall, heavy-built man who had a very long black, bushy beard. My parents gave me to the clergyman and told him the name was Elmer Frank Brandell. The clergyman took me in his strong arms, bent forward toward the baptismal font, pronounced the baptismal service and straightened up. Mother did not see me. No one in the room saw me. Apparently I was left at the bottom of the font. Hysterically, my mother cried out, 'Where's Elmer?'"

"After a few seconds of searching I was found safe and baptized under the beard of the old patriarch."

"That, my dear sirs, is the true authentic origin of the question. 'Where's Elmer?'"

Navy to the Rescue

(Continued from page 39)

ton or just any of his personal effects. Thank you for anything you can do."

Letters may be addressed to Mrs. Worden in care of the Company Clerk, The American Legion Magazine, 15 West 48th Street, New York City. They will be forwarded promptly.

HERE we have another of those wartime mysteries that may never be solved. Since, however, this doesn't happen to be based entirely upon a rumor, perhaps the aviator or someone else can supply the solution. Legionnaire M. G. Braden of Vicksburg, Michigan, states the case:

"I am writing to see if you can help solve a wartime puzzle of mine. While a member of Battery C, 19th Field Artillery, Fifth Division, we were in support of some National Army outfit—probably the 78th Division—at the right of Thiaucourt, about the last of September, 1918.

"The area was heavily shelled and one of our officers came to our position and said that the Germans were directing fire from a captured Allied plane. As there were to be no Allied planes in the sector for a time we were instructed to shoot at any plane that came over. In a

short time one came over with American markings—apparently an observation plane—and we let him have it. All the machine guns, 45's and picked-up German rifles were used.

"The plane went up but came back low again and he got another dose from all the outfits in the sector. A rumor went the rounds that H. Q. had forgotten and sent an observer up without changing our orders.

"If this was an American, and I think he was, can he tell us about that experience? I have wondered about this for nineteen years."

THREE months from the time of this writing, the Big Show will be in full swing. We refer to what is expected to be the biggest and best American Legion National Convention ever held. The time and place: September 20th to 23d in New York City. More than two hundred outfit reunions will be held during that period. If your outfit hasn't announced a reunion, there is still time to request the Reunions Committee, of which Major General John F. O'Ryan is chairman, to assist you in obtaining publicity and in arranging for your meeting. Address

the Committee at Suite 3112, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York City. Women's service groups are requested to report to Miss Amy F. Patmore, Chairman of the Legion Women's Activities Committee, at the same address.

Details of the following national convention reunions in New York City may be obtained from the Legionnaires listed:

LEGION WOMEN—Reunion banquet and entertainment for all Legion women, Monday evening, Sept. 20. Amy F. Patmore, chmn., Suite 3112, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York City.

NATL. ORGANIZATION WORLD WAR NURSES—Annual reunion breakfast, Tues., Sept. 21; executive meeting, Sun. evening, Sept. 19. Maude F. Mann, comdr., 120 Ward st., Paterson, N. J.

THE NATIONAL YEOMEN F—Annual reunion dinner and meeting, Hotel Martinique, Broadway & 32d st., New York City, Sept. 19. Mrs. Irene M. Brown, chmn., Room 2307, 26 Broadway, New York City.

AMERICAN LEGION FOUNDERS—Reunion dinner. Send names and addresses of all delegates to Paris and St. Louis caucuses to Col. Hubert J. Turney, Engrs. bldg., Cleveland, O.

SOCIETY OF 1ST DIV.—Annual national convention. Homecoming reunion banquet, Sept. 22. Generals Summerall, Bullard, Miles and others will attend. Joseph V. McCabe, 111 Broadway, New York City.

3d Div.—Reunion dinner for all 3d Div. vets under auspices of N. Y. Branch. S. H. Kornbluth, pres., 506 W. 213th st., New York City.

4TH Div. Assoc.—National reunion, Hotel Pennsylvania, New York City, Sept. 19-23. Carlton E. Dunn, reunion chmn., 8514-100th st., Jamaica, L. I., N. Y.

26TH (YD) VETS.—A second 1937 reunion at the Legion national convention. Benjamin Pitman, pres., N. Y. Chapter YD, 74 West Park pl., Stamford, Conn.

(Continued on page 43)



ZANE GREY

Famous Author
of Popular
Western Thrillers

A TRUE STORY BY ZANE GREY

**HE WAS RIDING
ON DYNAMITE
AND NEVER KNEW
IT UNTIL..**



"This Close Shave," says Zane Grey, "Should Make Every Motorist Think Twice Before Gambling on Tires."

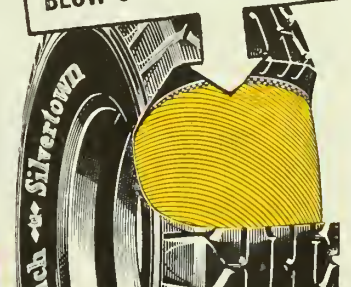
THERE is one motoring mishap that the best of drivers cannot forecast. And it caught Edward Zachary of Hartford, Conn., completely off guard. He was whizzing along the North Ford road at a good clip when BANG—the right front tire blew out. An uncontrollable drag yanked the car smack alongside of a guard-

rail. Flying wheels mowed down fence posts before Mr. Zachary came to a sudden stop.

Today's faster driving conditions call for a special tire. The Goodrich Safety Silvertown is just that kind of a tire. It's the only tire with the Life-Saver Golden Ply. This life-saving invention is a layer of special rubber

and full-floating cords, scientifically treated to resist the treacherous blowout-causing heat generated inside all tires by today's higher speeds. By resisting this heat, these Goodrich Silvertowns give you real protection against the many blow-outs caused by high speeds. From now on you'll find Edward Zachary's car equipped with Silvertowns. For the protection of your family and friends make your next set of tires Golden Ply Silvertowns.

**ONLY GOODRICH
SILVERTOWNS GIVE
YOU GOLDEN PLY
BLOW-OUT PROTECTION**



Goodrich SAFETY Silvertown

With Life-Saver Golden Ply Blow-Out Protection.

FRONT and CENTER

THE LEGION'S AIMS

To the Editor: While we members of the Legion know well the Legion is not only the best qualified of any group in the country to preach the doctrine of a sane and permanent peace for our nation, actually how many Posts do anything about spreading such a campaign throughout the country?

We have the finest and most glorious program of genuine peace by the legislation we have sought and received thus far; we are 100 per cent in favor of the adoption of this program, and we have had occasion for years to listen to peace groups which have turned into such radical parties that thousands of our youngsters, just out of schools and colleges, have been assimilated into those un-American groups and their futures blighted forever.

Here are a few paragraphs of a talk I recently gave to the local high school and I trust Posts throughout the country will shortly start a campaign to get their members to address civic groups as frequently as they can on the same subject:

"The best leader of peace is the man who went to war; he knows what he is talking about because he experienced the bitterness and hatred of war. The policy of The American Legion in its effort to keep America from another war embraces Congressional legislation which affects industry as well as humans. We have the wealthiest nation in the world and it is worth protecting, even as we protect our homes from fire and our citizens from crime. We need war insurance; that implies protection. We want the smallest navy and the smallest army necessary to protect our human and natural wealth.

"We are taking the profit out of war, we are establishing (by law) universal service, we are battling for an honorable neutrality law, we are making certain no one makes a dollar out of war while we battle in trenches for \$30 a month. Many of these things are now law, others are in Congress awaiting adoption, and our aim is to keep you young people out of war by making it the most disliked and expensive proposition in the world. The Legion's program is the greatest factor ever devised by man to insure that kind of a future for America."—WILLIAM C. O'NEIL, Ware, Mass.

"FIRST TO REMEMBER"

To the Editor: A friend has sent me a copy of your June issue containing an article "First to Remember" by Mr. Ray Hubbs, what was really the first Memorial Day and in our old home town before my father, General Logan, issued his celebrated General Order No. 11. It is

an interesting and correct account of a lovely and historic service occasion. I am grateful to you for its publication. I had a nephew named John A. Logan 3d and three cousins in the World War; one, Mr. Ray Cunningham, is Regional Attorney for the Veterans Bureau in St. Louis and is a very active member of the Legion. He always reads my father's order at the services on Memorial Day.—MARY LOGAN TUCKER, Washington, D. C.

QUENTIN ROOSEVELT'S GRAVE

To the Editor: "Who decorated Quentin Roosevelt's grave?" asks a writer to the Monthly. As a member of the 128th U. S. Infantry (32d Division) attached to regimental headquarters as a runner, I was detailed to deliver a message to the Second Battalion which was at the time advancing toward Fismes. When I caught up with them it was within sight of this grave and the only decoration was a battered landing wheel and a cross bearing the inscription *American Aviator* (yes, the *u* was there), also four branches stuck in the ground, and they were encircled with wire. Several days later a rumor circulated that the grave was Quentin Roosevelt's, and the wooden marker with the inscription Lieutenant Quentin Roosevelt made by Captain Martin, then acting commander of the Second Battalion, was placed on the grave. What floral decorations there were were probably brought by movie cameramen and other photographers.—PETER J. KLOSOWSKI, Detroit, Mich.

To the Editor: Would you be kind enough to write me if the following inscription is on Quentin Roosevelt's grave marker where he lies in France?—

"He has outsoared the shadows of the night."

Also if it is there, can you give the source of this so-appropriate quotation, which was, so I understand, ordered inscribed on the marker by his wonderful father?

Our librarian here looked it up and found in a book that this above inscription does not appear above the grave, but something else is inscribed. However, I read in some paper that the above quotation appears on it.—WARREN F. GOULD, Orlando, Fla.

To the Editor: Regarding Quentin Roose-

Because of space demands, letters quoted in this department (responsibility for statements in which is vested in the writers and not in this magazine) are subject to abridgement.

velt's grave, he was buried near the town of Conlongue, France, by the Germans and barely covered up. In fact, the toes of his boots could very easily be seen when we arrived; they had also erected a wooden marker. Later a soapstone marker was carved and laid at the head of the grave by a member of the 32d Engineers.

I had No. 4 position on a battery of 155's about 250 feet from his grave. The French put two beaded floral wreaths and a hardwood fence around the grave from which I took and still have souvenirs.—WAYNE G. ARNOLD, Portland, Ore.

"AND PROUD OF IT"

To the Editor: I have seen those sad, hopeless eyes, revealing the broken spirit behind them—the sickening droop to the shoulders—dragging steps, and a terrible realization that I watched these same shoulders by hundreds swing into line, heels click and heads held high.

"The unemployed forty-year-old war veteran."

Suggestion: A group or groups of these unemployed veterans could get together—list or tabulate their own good points, special lines of work and individual experience, and get people to realize they are in this world for something better than disintegration. The veterans proved themselves in their volunteer work during the flood on the Ohio and Mississippi. Why not pass along such a catchy phrase as "Forty and proud of it!" Need I say that a famous organization of vets has Forty as one of its names!—MRS. D. F. M. SMITH, Chicago, Ill.

To the Editor: I note in *Front and Center* discussion of veterans and jobs. Who is going to look out for the veterans if they won't help one another? I undertook a small store, from which I expected to earn my living. I could have done so with a little help from the veterans, but not one of them would patronize me, although they would greet me and ask about business. If you see a veteran trying to help himself by selling an article that you use daily at a standard price you can patronize him at least occasionally when you happen by his place.

I met up with a veteran in a neighboring town who told me his story, and find that his situation was the very same as mine, which convinced me that my personality was not at fault for the failure. Thanks to my health I can still labor for my living, but my acquaintance told me he was disabled and his compensation taken away. What will become of men like him?—LOUIS E. AUSTIN, Concord, New Hampshire.

Navy to Rescue

(Continued from page 41)

27TH Div. Assoc.—Reunion and dinner, Hotel McAlpin, New York City, afternoon and evening, Sept. 20. For details and copy of the *Orion Messenger*, official publication, write to Eugene R. Collins, Observer bldg., Troy, N. Y.

29TH Div. Assoc.—Proposed national convention reunion. H. J. Lepper, adjt., 343 High st., Newark, N. J.

RAINBOW (42D) Div. VETS.—Reunion and dinner under auspices Father Duffy Chapter, New York City. Theodore L. White, Jr., Room 1006, 220 Broadway, New York City.

77TH Div. Assoc.—National reunion and open house at 77th Div. Clubhouse, 28 E. 39th st., New York City. Reunion dinner on Sept. 22, at Riverside Plaza Hotel, 253 W. 73d St. Jack Kantor, chmn., reunion comm., 28 E. 39th st., New York City.

78TH Div. Assoc.—Headquarters for registration of Lightning veterans will be established in New York City during national convention of Legion. John Kennedy, secy., New Hope, Pa.

82D Div. Assoc.—National reunion. Hq. at Hotel Roosevelt, N. Y. C., opening Sept. 19. Dinner on Sept. 20. R. J. McBride, secy., 28 E. 39th st., New York City.

WAR SOC. OF 89TH Div.—Hq. to be established during convention in New York, where all veterans may register and meet friends. Address Morton T. Jones, secy., 301 W. 11th st., Kansas City, Mo.

5TH ENGRS.—Vets interested in reunion and permanent organization, write to A. R. Bolger, 35 Devonshire court, Rochester, N. Y.

FORESTRY ENGRS. (10TH, 20TH, 41ST, 42D and 43D ENGRS.)—Proposed reunion and permanent organization during New York national convention. J. W. Tillotson, Elmsford, N. Y.

11TH ENGRS. VETS. ASSOC., INC.—Reunion, Times Square Hotel, New York City. H. Ring, 122 Fulton st., New York City, or D. Hanagan, Times Sq. Hotel.

14TH ENGRS. VETS. ASSOC.—John R. Power, chmn., of reunion, 44 Jamaica st., Jamaica Plain, Mass.

17TH ENGRS. (RY.)—Proposed reunion. Mark W. Van Sickle, Ohio Dept. bldg., Columbus, Ohio.

19TH ENGRS.—Proposed reunion. Thomas McFarland, Natl. Guard Armory, Altoona, Pa.

21ST ENGRS. L. R. Soc.—F. G. Webster, secy.-treas., 6819-a Prairie av., Chicago, Ill.

23D ENGRS. Assoc.—Reunion, Hotel Astor, New York City, with New York group as host. 23D ENGRS. Assoc., Hotel Astor, New York City.

35TH ENGRS.—Proposed reunion. Fred Krahnbuhl, 1310 Hanover st., Hamilton, Ohio.

39TH ENGRS.—13th annual reunion, Hotel Piccadilly, New York City, Tues., Sept. 21. Charles M. Karl, secy.-treas., 11640 Princeton av., Chicago, Ill.

42D ENGRS.—Reunion. Daniel J. Boyle, pres., Peabody, Mass.; Vic MacKenzie, secy., A. L. Nat'l. Conv. Corp., 30 Rockefeller Plaza, Suite 3112, New York City.

52D ENGRS.—Reunion. Marve E. Pearce, 8602 Central av., Tampa, Fla.

55TH ENGRS.—Reunion. I. A. Klarnetsky, Box 73, Blackwood, N. J.

60TH ENGRS.—6th annual reunion. D. E. Gallagher, 812 E. 21st st., Little Rock, Ark.

212TH ENGRS.—Proposed reunion. Raymond G. Fey, 109 Shepherd av., Brooklyn, N. Y.

502D BN., ENGRS.—Reunion and permanent organization. Wm. J. M. Yingling, 24 E. King st., Littletown, Adams Co., Pa.

605TH ENGRS.—Proposed reunion. E. W. Barnes, ex-capt., 45 Bleeker st., Newark, N. J.

3D ENGRS. Co. F.—Proposed reunion. J. S. Buswell, 314 Warren st., Waltham, Mass.

54TH ENGRS. Co. B. (RY.)—Proposed reunion. John E. Walsh, 23 Commercial st., Worcester, Mass.

121ST ENGRS. Co. B.—Reunion. John J. Curran, 32-35 30th st., Astoria, L. I., N. Y.

20TH U. S. INF. VETS.—Extra 1937 reunion. Charles F. Tully, 315 Fairfield av., Ridgewood, N. J.

48TH INF.—Proposed convention reunion. Harry McBride, 39 Mulberry av., Newport News, Va.

50TH INF.—Proposed regimental reunion. George S. Brown, 53 First st., Newark, N. J.

52D INF.—Reunion. Co. B men invited particularly. P. J. Cingerana, 885-9th av., New York City.

26TH INF. Co. K and M. G. Co.—Proposed reunion. H. H. Priceman, 1641-60th st., Brooklyn, N. Y., or D. D. Breeland, 46 D st., Keyser, W. Va.

308TH INF. Co. L—Reunion dinner, Mon., Sept. 20, at Rosoffs, 43d st. east of Broadway, N. Y. C., 6:30 p.m. Roy Mannering, chmn., 567-92d st., Brooklyn, N. Y.

325TH INF. Co. L—Proposed reunion dinner. Arthur W. Silliman, Ardsley, N. Y.

326TH INF. Co. E—Proposed reunion. Sam Schroeter, Court House, Mineola, N. Y.

4TH BN., INF. C. O. T. S., CAMP PIKE, ARK.—Jos. B. Milgram, 18 Lake av., Sheepshead Bay, Brooklyn, N. Y.

8TH CO., 5TH INF. O. T. S., CAMP LEE, VA.—Proposed reunion. Milton M. Parker, 547 Federal bldg., Newark, N. J.

306TH M. G. BN.—Reunion of all vets, 77th Div. Clubhouse, 28 E. 39th st., New York City. John E. Casey, comdr., care of Clubhouse.

11Q STAFF & SPEC. TROOPS, 27TH Div.—Reunion. Covert Weymann, 7002 Ridge blvd., Brooklyn, N. Y.

(Continued on page 61)

Half & Half Makes ONE Swell Smoke!



Half & Half doesn't bite, even when the fish do. Cool as the sign: "No Fishing Allowed." Smooth as a permit that gives you the right. Fragrant, friendly, full-bodied tobacco that won't bite the tongue—in a tin that won't bite the fingers. Made by our exclusive modern process including patent No. 1,770,920. Cool and smooth. Smells good. Makes your pipe welcome anywhere. Tastes good. Your password to pleasure!

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No Bite!



No Bite!



Still no Bite!

Not a bit of bite in the tobacco or the Telescope Tin, which gets smaller and smaller as you use-up the tobacco. No bitten fingers as you reach for a load, even the last one.

HALF AND HALF

The Safe Pipe - Tobacco

FOR PIPE OR CIGARETTE

Big Doings at Dobbs Depot

(Continued from page 7)

fit for him. Pine splinters—that was Choctaw Simms' old jest. Stick them in, and light the ends. . . .

"Do you know whether Rosen had a new stock of goods at the time he was killed?"

"Didn't. Hell no, sir!" The telegrapher shifted the tobacco pulp into his cheek, and became almost voluble. "Way I remember, is because old Rosen was bothering the daylights out of me. Kept asking for messages—news about the goods he had ordered through Ullman. He was a good old fellow, though—I never minded much."

Mosby said, "Spaneel, you may remove the—witness."

The Yankee begged, over his shoulder, "If you hang him, Mosby, see that I get a ticket to it! What he used to charge me for Burley Plug—"

Spaneel prodded him out of sight.

"Mister Mosby, please! Dear Mister Mosby. . . ." It was the squeak of a rat trapped between two walls. "In Camden, in Joisey, I got a wife and four children. Please! I—"

The guerrilla shrugged. He did not look at the sutler; rather he stared through the dirty window, watching his men as they swarmed about, making the inflammable warehouses even more inflammable. . . . every rebel seemed to have an open tin or bottle in his hand.

"If you have a wife and four children, I doubt they enjoy the relationship. I am no civil officer, presiding here," said John Mosby. "I do happen to be a member of the Bar of this State. . . . I cannot order you hung, though I should be happy to do so. Naturally, I shall see that this lady receives her thirteen hundred dollars, her father's horse and wagon, and any other property to which she is entitled."

"My wife, Mister! My—"

Mosby said, "I am not Robin Hood. Nor yet Ahasuerus. If I were, I should string you up higher than Haman. He was an Agagite, but it seems reasonable to conclude that you are his lineal descendant."

His glance went to the two men by the safe. "Reeves. Dalton."

"Yes, sir."

"Take this sutler into the back room and search him. Thoroughly! I mistrust his talk about having friends inside our lines."

LIKE all other members of the raiding party, Privates Varn, Bassard and Stephens considered that they were doing the thing up brown. And their wants were by no means simple.

"We demand the best," choked Private Augustus N. Varn. Private Varn, an elderly warrior of eighteen, was finishing

his third jar of almond-olives. Previously he had disposed of caviar, pickled pears, loaf sugar, English comfits, salmon, brandy and spiced beef. His tastes were no more catholic than those of Private Henri Bassard, also eighteen, who had devoted himself to cucumber pickles, sardines, Rhine wine, Swiss chocolate, raisins, anchovies and bottled beer. Their aged comrade-in-arms, Private Lemuel Lee Stephens, was celebrating his twentieth birthday with a plump Cuban cigar, to top off a light lunch of desiccated peas, bottled cherries in sugar syrup, Stilton cheese, deviled kidney, sherry, pimientos and tinned oysters.

THEIR immediate superior, Sergeant Choctaw Simms, waved an empty bottle toward them. He hiccupped slightly. "That stable over yonder. Get it ready for burning."

Private Bassard caught up a can of coal oil. "Keep that lighted cigar away from me, Lem Stephens. I don't want to meet my Maker in flames."

"Your Maker," mumbled Private Varn, his mouth full, "doesn't dwell in flames. That's t'other one. . . . I reckon Lem is thinking of distant shores, though. He looks kinda peaked."

"Don't neither," Stephens managed to say.

"Which stable did he say to burn, Henry?"

Bassard pointed. "That one. But it don't matter—everything is going up in smoke."

"Had enough of *that*," whispered Stephens. He threw away his cigar.

Private Bassard chuckled gleefully, ignoring the ugly qualms which already were assailing him. "Look, Gus! Stephens done gone and got himself sick on that cigar."

They approached the barn. The late celebrant, Stephens, shuffled miserably in their wake.

"Inside. See if there's any hosses left—"

"Don't set match to anything. The tail-end squad will 'tend to all that."

"Hold on," whispered Varn. "I do hear people talking."

With eyes against a wide crack in the loose boards, they examined the interior. "Look, Gus. There is a horse—"

"People," Varn gasped, again. "What say! It's Lieutenant Spaneel, with a lady—mighty pretty one, too."

Even Private Stephens now tried to apply his glazing eye to the crack. "Pretty," he echoed, feebly.

"And look at the wagon," continued Varn, but in a more perfunctory manner. "Colored wheels—it looks mighty like a circus."

Bassard's whisper was weak and flimsy.

"Spaneel's hitching the horse to it. Maybe going for a ride. . . . and the girl—smite me dead if she ain't—kissing—that horse. What an ungodly waste. Don't that make you sick?"

Varn gulped and swallowed, but Private Stephens said nothing at all. He was leaning against the barn, hands spread wide, as if fearful that the barn might fly away.

"Henry," came Varn's pale voice.

"What say?"

"It would—please me if you didn't—talk about—people being—sick."

Bassard nodded, foggily. "Suits me," he tried to whisper. The cold sweat dripped from his forehead.

They heard Choctaw Simms' yell, demanding to know whether they had completed their pyromaniacal activities. They heard the snap of harness, the turning of wheels; with lack-luster gaze they watched the sutler's wagon move out of the big barn, with Lieutenant Spaneel driving and the pretty girl sitting beside him. But matters other than wagons, matters other than girls who wasted kisses on old white horses, were intriguing them.

The sky roared and teetered.

"Oh," groaned Private Henri Bassard, "what if the Yanks should attack us?" But already Privates Varn and Stephens were praying for death in any form.

ON THE platform in front of Barney Ullman's warehouse, John Mosby was saying things. What he said was, as usual, brief and to the point.

"Next time," he snapped, "I shall pick an entire troop suffering from dyspepsia. Perhaps then, they shan't be tempted!"

Lieutenant Spaneel dropped down over a gaily-painted wagon wheel. "Seh, wouldn't it be wise for this young lady to be well out of the way before the Yanks come, don't you reckon?"

Mosby nodded abstractedly. "We must set fire, and ride. I shall parole the prisoners as soon as the fire's well begun. We have all the currency in sight, but I shall take only one wagon—surgical supplies, mainly—and may have to abandon that."

"Why, seh?" asked the astonished lieutenant.

Mosby's face was no longer pale. It seemed ready to explode. "I stand to lose half of my men, as it is. At least twenty of them are tied into bow-knots! Pickles, herring, beer, peaches and anchovies—Heaven knows what all. They'll rue the day, after they land in a Yankee prison. And the error is mine—" He made another remark or two, also brief and pointed. "I should never have allowed them to forage at will."

The girl in the black bonnet was not in-

tended to hear, but she did. Quickly, she motioned for Spaneel to extend her a hand, and she stepped to the ground. "Colonel Mosby, sir," she said, "ministering to rebels was not what I intended. But—you have done me such a great service—"

The Partisan Ranger bowed, but his eyes were still glaring at the nearest sufferers.

"Where are that man's drug supplies? I remember—my father sold much to the army, and he knew something of—apothecary supplies."

"In that covered wagon over there, Miss." Mosby waved a clenched fist.

When she came back from the wagon, she had an enormous bottle in her hands. John Mosby looked at the label, and then into the clear face of the young Jewess.

Antimonii et Potassii Tartras.

Spaneel spelled out the label, and whistled softly.

She said, "It will be such a dose, sir. Severe, but so quick. I am glad to be of help." She turned away and caught up a wad of thin lace. "At least—" her voice was muffled by the handkerchief—"they will feel better soon. And you have been—good to me."

"Miss," said the colonel, "I do trust and thank you. Spaneel, have those men rounded up and formed into line." He called, "Choctaw, see that water is at hand. And then," he directed his lieutenant, "do you hitch Daffodil behind the sutler's cart, and accompany Miss Rosen to a safe distance. You know upon which road you will find us. Most of our videttes have come in, but the Yanks will be here hell-for-leather as soon as the smoke rises."

THE painted wagon creaked along the ridge bordering the railroad, the ridge that ran toward Whitley Junction. Riding on the tailboard, a wide-eyed boy in a torn butternut shirt wondered what his father would say when he did not return until the next day. He wondered, also, about the enforced abandonment of an ancient equipage and a rack-of-bones horse. But he did find comfort in fingering the thick gold coins in his pocket.

On the driver's seat, whip in hand, Lieutenant Spaneel of the 43d Virginia Batt'n., Cav., kindly pointed out the sights.

"There's the depot down there, Miss Esther. And the government warehouses. Those ones all afire at the near end . . . Look—them's our men, the tail-end squad. Riding off past the lumber piles. Reckon they feel tuckered out, but they'll surely recover."

Esther Rosen said, decisively, "It is good emetic. Severe, but so good."

"*Oi vei!*" exclaimed Spaneel, and then they laughed together.

The smoke swelled high, green and black and brown, flowing and puffing, where bales of rubber ponchos fried like bacon. "Reckon," drawled Spaneel, "that little bonfire'll cost your Uncle Sam a heap of money." (Continued on page 46)

AUGUST, 1937

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Big Doings at Dobbs Depot

(Continued from page 45)

She screamed. The mushrooms of fiery smoke bent together a second later, but not before she had indicated one lone tree behind Barney Ullman's warehouse—a toy tree from which depended a thread-like rope with a twisting, enormous mass of blue and pink at the end of it.

"Oh, him," said the officer, negligently.

She gasped, "Mosby said he would not hang him!"

Spaneel flicked a wasp from the horse's ear. "Not for no civil crime. Not in his province, he said, or words like that. But Reeves and Dalton searched that fatty most thorough. And on the inside of his—beg pardon—pantaloon pockets, they found a sight of chicken-tracks. Leastways, looked like chicken-tracks to them, but my grandfather's name was Isaac Margolis, and he taught me how to read such marks as those."

"They—hung him, for that?"

The dark froth had risen far into the sky, and on the northwest ridges appeared little moving herds of Federal cavalry. Spaneel's dark eyes seemed less dreamy as he watched . . . "Lot of information, ma'am, about the folks you call rebels. Such as forts and artillery and men—or the lack of them. He'd been inside our lines, and what he saw he wrote down. I reckon he was a wicked spy, and I wish you wouldn't bother your pretty head about him. *Whoa*. Here's where I make tracks of my own." He dismounted.

"Get up and do your duty, Bubby," and the country youth nodded, and took his place. "Take care this lady, or Mosby'll come haul you out of bed by the ears."

The boy was fervent in his protestation of loyalty. Spaneel drew a .44 Colt's revolver from one of his holsters, and presented it to the girl. "Just for company.

It's capped and ready, and yours for keeps, because the Yanks provide us with sufficient of 'em. You certain you got your money hid safe away?"

She blushed. She was looking straight ahead. "Yes, thank you."

"Then God be with you," said Spaneel. He untied Daffodil, mounted, and moved up alongside the left wheel of the wagon. "Miss Esther," he said, with his hat in hand, "it's a mean old war. I'm not asking you for no favor, ma'am, but if the spirit was to urge you in reckless fashion—"

He leaned from his saddle as she half rose and wrapped her arms around his neck . . . When at last they drew apart, Spaneel's eyes were bright as silver, and the girl's face was rosy as a sunset.

"*Sorg nicht*," he gasped, "we rebs'll be up there in Brooklyn, one of these days." Then he wheeled and rode rapidly into the south, to find John Mosby and his men.

You Wouldn't Know the Old Place

(Continued from page 17)

graveled country road. All the old dugouts are gone, though we found some traces of barbed wire and trenches. Cheppy today looks like any little farm village, and the road full of mine craters is now just a smooth, deserted country lane.

H.Q. of the 91st Division at Eclisfontaine let a good deal of air and water through. Today the farm buildings are repaired, and a big new barn has been built at the uphill end. I shall never cease marveling why the French peasant loves having the odor of animals and manure right in the house with the family, and preferably in the well.

Varennnes is the largest town near the 91st Division area of the Argonne. We found there a new little hotel, Le Grand Monarque, very clean and inexpensive, and made it our headquarters for three days. The proprietor was a sergeant in the French army throughout the war, speaks English, knows all about the battlefields, has an American electric refrigerator, insists that you have ice-cubes in your drinks—the only place we got ice without asking and paying for it.

Montfaucon rises above the Argonne battlefield some four or five hundred feet—every time you look up between Verdun and Grandpré you see it and are reminded how valuable it was for observation and defense. The natives insisted we go to the monument, "Le bon souvenir de la guerre." It is a bon monument, our largest in France, 175 feet high, of marble, and tremendously impressive. The village of Montfaucon was rebuilt a mile away. The cemetery

is restored, and the famous German observation post on the tallest burial vault is gone. The Crown Prince's H.Q. house, with dugout thirty feet down into solid rock, was eventually torn down after tourists had souvenired most of it a brick at a time.

A circle over the rest of the Argonne started at Montfaucon, dropped down the north slope through Nantillois, Ferme de la Madeleine, Cunel, and Romagne, came over the dirt road to Cièrges, and up the hill to Montfaucon. That entire circle is only eight miles. All of the Argonne I ever saw in the war was three miles wide and seven miles long—it took us over two weeks to cover it in 1918.

From Montfaucon we swung over the same road through Bant héville, Aincreville, Doulon and into Dun-sur-Meuse over the new bridge commemorating the crossing of the river by the Fifth Division. Then north over a main highway through Mouzay, into Stenay. Turning west, the paved highway crossed the Meuse again and led through Beaulair, Nouart, and into Buzancy. This is the area of the big American drive of November 4th which was the final blow to the Germans. Little sign of the war remains.

All of this since we left Varennnes was one morning's exploration. War distances shrink astoundingly when an automobile is used. Luncheon at Grandpré. Only the church still shows signs of war damage. St. Juvin next, then over the dirt road to Champigneulle. Each of these towns has a bronze marker telling

of their capture in late October by the 78th Division.

Now down the highway, we turned off to Exermont, then into Gèsnès, which I had never seen during the war. Here is a bronze marker—the only one I could find in the 91st area—saying the town was taken by the 362d Infantry, who thereby became the first unit to reach Army Objective in the first phase of the Argonne.

I walked back over the hill straight to Tronsol Farm. It is the most familiar, natural sight in the battle region. It has never been rebuilt, its ruins look exactly as in 1918. Back in the Bois de Baulny were signs of old trenches and some wire. Down in the ravine to the west I worked my way back to the highway. In the woods I stepped on, and souvenired, an American helmet with two bullet holes in it. Not another relic was in sight anywhere. Also, this was the only American souvenir we found on the entire trip. We went back into Eclisfontaine and I walked up the muddy road to the rebuilt Exmorieux Farm.

Sedan looks just as it did except that the German signs have disappeared. Rheims is rebuilt, but many workmen are still painstakingly restoring ornamentation from fragments of stone picked up and sorted out of the cathedral ruins. Joan of Arc remains safe behind her picket fence as in wartime.

Another hôtel de ville which has staged a marvellous comeback is that at Fismes, in 1918 battered down to only one sound floor. The bridge to Fis-

mettes, probably the finest ruin ever crossed by the 28th Division or any other outfit, has been replaced by a new concrete span with impressive memorial figures on the four corner piers. Frèsnes is rebuilt, but some walls show patches of masonry which fail to match ante-bellum brickwork. Fère-en-Tardenois is one of the few French towns which had gump-tion enough to broaden the main street in rebuilding.

Château-Thierry gives little evidence of the bitter fighting which made it famous. A new bridge over the Marne has replaced the old. Finding the old landmarks looked hopeless from our hotel window. But from the street we found that our window is the most prominent feature in the official picture of June 1, 1918.

Belleau Wood looks more as battlefields should traditionally look. It has American and German cemeteries, an American monument; the old forester's house is still there in ruins. Torcy and Vaux are today sleepy farm villages—the general effect is of peace undisturbed through the centuries.

We went through Paris and at L'Hermitière drove unheralded to the château. I rang the doorbell. Madame la Comtesse came to the door, called me by name, invited the family in, asked for each of the other officers of Brigade H.Q. by name. We were guests for luncheon with eight wines and liqueurs, and we

would be there yet if we had been able to take the time. Never have I been more warmly welcomed anywhere. Madame la Comtesse laughed heartily over her memories of the various phrases that I and other Americans innocently used to her. She knew we were poll-parrotting the words on the bland assurances of an impish French joker—our liaison officer, Lieutenant Robert Mérel.

In one day we did Chantilly, Compiègne, the Armistice car at Rethondes, then down through the forest to Pierrefonds. Then along the Chemin des Dames, looking too peaceful ever to have seen a war. Fort Malmaison was hard to find, all grown up with grass and underbrush. We crossed over to Berancourt. Finally we went through Cantigny, scene of the first American victory—how that village welcomes Americans! The town has beautiful memorials to the First Division.

Soissons has been rebuilt. The cathedral is still in process of reconstruction. At Ham the statue of General Foy, who triumphantly stood unhurt among the ruins, looks as proud of himself today as eighteen years ago. The cathedral is rebuilt. So are the cathedral at St. Quentin, the theatre, and the hôtel de ville.

Nine miles north of St. Quentin on the main highway to Cambrai is Bellicourt, in the area of the 27th and 30th Divisions, which fought the war brigaded with the

British. It is the site of the south end of the canal tunnel, built by Napoleon, which goes for five kilometers under the hill. The Germans used it as part of the Hindenburg Line to shelter 10,000 men. The Tennessee troops took the south entrance by swimming the canal and coming into it from behind. The tunnel is now busy with canal boats, all burning soft coal. At neighboring Bony, captured by the 27th in a memorable battle, is an American cemetery. Cambrai has fine wide streets downtown now; it no longer resembles the brickpile that it was when I was last there. Péronne cathedral looks like new.

The territory we covered from this point would be of little interest to most of the A. E. F. Our division, the 91st, moved into Flanders and brigaded with the British late in October. Amiens, Albert, Arras, Bapaume—these towns loom large in British history, small in American. They too are rebuilt.

There are some spots, however, which transcend national lines. One of these is Vimy. In 1918 a crude stone monument on top marked its capture by the Canadians in April of 1917. Today, visible for twenty miles in every direction, stands the most beautiful war monument that we saw, the Canadian Memorial dedicated by Edward VIII in June of 1936. The Canadians have preserved their own and the German trenches by using bags of (Continued on page 48)

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You Wouldn't Know the Old Place

(Continued from page 47)

cement in place of sandbags. They have lighted the tunnels under the hill so that it is possible for anyone unacquainted with trench warfare to walk through for four or five miles and emerge with a definite picture of just how the war was fought.

We visited Lens, Loos, Lille. Then on to Armentières, but we saw no Made-moiselle, though we visited the town's one café. Maybe Annie doesn't live there any more.

The cross-over into Belgium brought us into another state of mind as well as another nation. At least in the portion of Belgium that we revisited, the people conscientiously insisted on speaking Flemish. For our purposes, they might as well have spoken Choctaw. The consequence was that most of the Belgian area was hard, discouraging going.

Ypres is rebuilt with hardly a sign of the war. But the war has not been forgotten. Britain's Memorial is at the Menin Gate. Every evening a British corporal's guard sounds the Last Post. It halts automobiles, bicycles, pedestrians, people in shops and homes. All Ypres, in fact, stands at attention in complete silence until the notes have

died away. This ceremony is all the more impressive because so many years have elapsed since the war. Reverence is the keynote of the behavior of the Belgians and of the British visitors who come in busloads every day of the week.

Watou and Boesinghe were disappointingly unfamiliar and uncordial. At the Boesinghe bridge is a beautiful monument to the first gas attack victims. All of the little towns along the old British No Man's Land were complete ruins in 1918, piles of brick and stone with signs naming the town. Today they are attractive, prosperous farming and industrial towns with really impressive churches. Nobody at all remembers the Americans.

Between Bixschoote, Langemarke, and Poelcapelle I remembered lots of pill-boxes. All of the really big ones are gone, but most of the small ones remain for the cows.

But I must not go on so about this area that would interest only 37th and 91st Division members. Much the same restoration has occurred here as throughout France. But the cordiality is lacking among the people; likewise a language which can be of mutual use. There were exceptions, such as the windmill owner

who bought a drink—high point of our experience with Belgian hospitality—and the hotel at Audenarde where they spoke not only French but also English. We ended our war tour a few miles from Audenarde—at St. Marie, where the Armistice halted our outfit.

A little general sightseeing along the Belgian coast at Ostend, Zeebrugge, and other ports. Then back to France, and Paris. Robert Mérel, our old French liaison officer and practical joker, was back from his vacation and hard at the practice of law. Reunion was just as pleasurable to me as ever I had hoped, likewise apparently to Mérel. His wife is delightful, and the only French person we met who speaks French so precisely and slowly that we can understand every familiar word without effort. The first evening we stayed at their apartment until the small hours, met all the relatives, fought the war over inch by inch, had a grand time.

When we left France we crossed to England, spent a few typical tourist days there, came home. We are now counting how many years it will be before we can arrange another tour of the battlefields where the 91st Division won the war.

Scrap Heap, Or—

(Continued from page 23)

conducting a survey to determine to what extent the age-limit hiring and firing policies are prevalent at the present time. There are now no up-to-the-minute figures. But the tendency since the turn of the century has been towards lower age limits and an increase in the number of firms adopting some kind of age bar.

A survey conducted in New York state three years ago showed that 29 percent of the manufacturing concerns had formal maximum age-hiring limits. A survey of 2800 establishments in California showed that in the non-manufacturing establishments employing 64 percent of the employees in that group there were rules barring employment because of age.

These and other surveys made three to six years ago also showed that 40 was the average deadline for men seeking employment, and 35 for women. Some had the age bar as low as 35 for men and 30 for women, while others in smaller establishments mostly did not bar employment until 50. Other concerns have age limits for re-employment of former employees, and also age limits for retaining the older employee in his job. Many concerns have no fixed age limit, but in practice the door is practically closed to the middle-aged.

We are confining our study of the problem to the employment status of the man between 40 and 50, because in that group is the veteran, but it must be admitted that whatever helps solve the employment question as a whole is likewise of help to the man of middle age, if age prejudice in business generally can be lessened.

The reasons assigned by the majority of employers for putting up an age barrier against men of middle life, listed in their importance by percentages are: (1) physical condition (2) job requirements of modern production methods (3) pension rule (given before Social Security Act) (4) job hazards (5) accident hazards (6) disabilities of the middle-aged (7) mental condition (8) personal habits (9) shortness of period of future usefulness (10) difficulties of training in modern methods which change rapidly (11) accident compensation (12) group insurance (13) promotion from within policy (14) provision for older worker within organization and (15) quotas for older workers within organization.

Employers give as the qualifications for employment listed in their relative importance: (1) experience (2) skill (3)

responsibility (4) good training (5) loyalty (6) absence of disabilities (7) absence of handicaps (8) good physical condition (9) willingness to do routine work and (10) willingness to take "blind alley" jobs.

They likewise use the following methods to find out if the older man can qualify: (1) interview (2) physical examination (3) mental examination (4) references (5) previous employment record (6) trial period.

Not all employers refuse to employ men of our age group, but there ought to be more concerns using men of this group. The public has a right to know who they are. Their experience ought to be of help to the concerns raising the age barrier. There should be a roll of honor on which they are listed.

Let it be understood that The American Legion is not condemning the employment policy of any concern at this time. We are looking carefully and impartially into those policies, however, and will face the problem squarely. The Legion recognizes in private industry employment must be based on ability to produce. We cannot ask industry to employ a man just because he is middle aged, but we want to help industry see

that it is short-sighted policy to scrap, as unwanted, such a large group of our citizens just in the prime of life and at the peak of their family responsibilities.

It is the policy of the Employment Committee of the Legion to point the way to equalize employment opportunities, to show how men of middle age may be employed without handicapping the employer in his competition with others.

The task is large and difficult and will take time to complete, but we now know certain factors to be considered.

It is not true that the man of middle age is more apt to have accidents. A survey of the manufacturing establishments in New York shows that the accident frequency in the age group 20-29 was 1.69 per hundred, and was only 1.44 for the age group 40-44.

In time lost because of accident or sickness, it was shown that the average for the age group 35-44 was 6.94 days and was 7.33 for the group 45-54. This slight increase in cost to the employer could easily be assumed by the employee to put all on a parity.

It is true that group and industrial insurance is higher on account of age, but the older employee could pay the additional cost to prevent becoming an industrial castaway.

Insurance statistics do show an alarmingly higher death rate among industrial policy holders as compared to the average policy holder. The figures of one insurance company show that the death rate of industrial group holders is 73.4 percent higher than that of ordinary policy holders. It is charged that this is due to industrial hazards of many kinds and the policy of many concerns to speed up production where it wears out its employees and makes them more susceptible to industrial and ordinary diseases. The Legion is looking further into this situation.

It is true that a man in middle life is not as strong physically as a man just reaching maturity, but it is believed that so far as hand, body and mental work is concerned he does a full day's work, and his many qualities gained because of age equalize whatever physical handicap age has brought. Our survey will try to analyze this situation accurately and fairly.

To summarize some of the suggestions of students of the general employment situation:

Some say the employment of children is helping keep the older man of family out of employment.

Others argue that employment opportunities ought to be limited to citizens of the United States and lawfully admitted aliens who have taken out their first papers.

Many argue that the laboring man ought to have more of the benefits accruing from machinery displacing manpower and more employment can be provided by adopting shorter hours in many industries. (Continued on page 50)

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Scrap Heap, or—

(Continued from page 49)

It is also argued by some that if every large employer would have and retain a fair proportion of employees of our age group it would prevent scrapping humanity right in the prime of life.

Still others present the difficult question about a better distribution of the national income, which they argue would increase the purchasing power of the country, whose citizens could buy more of the products of industry and they in turn would proportionately increase employment opportunities.

It is also suggested that if the man of middle life has slowed up by physical infirmity or lack of training in newer

methods that medical clinics and technical training schools might help remove these handicaps, or prevent earlier industrial obsolescence and would help keep industrial workers of middle life physically and mentally able to meet the requirements of the positions for which their services may be required.

The American Legion is not committed to any plan or formula. It is making its survey of the situation and is trying to assemble all facts without passion or prejudice, with the hope that something constructive and helpful will result, for the members of the Legion strive to serve in peace as in war.

Want to be a Sousa?

(Continued from page 29)

with this qualification. Leadership of juveniles, in music as in anything else, presupposes a quality of character that rings true, unless one were motivated by the sheerest commercialism or self interest.

Secondly, look for a man who can gain the respect and obedience of his charges. Handling juveniles is strenuous business. Many good music teachers are not suited to control groups at all. An important by-product of a musical organization, aside from the main value of musical training and entertainment, is discipline—individual control, and teamwork in the group. Fortunate the band that has a leader with that particular point strongly in his favor.

Next, of course, he should know his music. Seems hardly necessary to mention that, but it can't be taken for granted! A boys' band or orchestra will go no further than the chosen leader's ability to lead it.

AS TO the minimum amount of musical training a leader should have, I would not attempt to say. But certainly the more native ability, the more fitness as demonstrated by individual mastery of musical instruments, and the more experience in musical organizations of all kinds, the better.

The leader does not have to be a brilliant soloist. But he certainly should be master of one or more instruments, and have a working knowledge of every instrument in his organization, so he can coach each member.

You can't fool the kids! Not for long, anyhow. They know when a man knows his work—whatever it is.

Which brings us to a final qualification: The leader should be able to impart his knowledge. In other words, a natural teacher. Much of band and orchestra

leadership, particularly of juveniles, is necessarily teaching.

Outlining these qualifications may make the task of securing a fit leader sound difficult. It need not be. In any community with sufficient musical interest to provide enough young folk for a band or orchestra, there should be a leader hiding his light under a bushel or already displaying his talents in some sort of musical endeavor.

Let's take a typical American community. Any city from ten thousand to a hundred thousand. At least one good American Legion Post, junior high school, senior high school, and likely a college. Perhaps an organized adult musical group or two, professional and amateur.

Beat the bushes around that Legion Post or college and you'll find your man. Or search among the public school musicians and he'll show up. Perhaps he's connected with a professional musical organization already, but is willing to take on this additional work with the youngsters.

In larger-than-the-average cities, it should not be so difficult to discover the proper leader. In smaller communities, juvenile musical outfits can be made smaller than the average, if necessary, although many a rural town is supporting a splendid boys' band with admirable enthusiasm.

The best possible arrangement is to secure a leader who has an income, from teaching or from musical work. Groups sponsoring young folk in music rarely can afford to underwrite the entire support of a leader.

But this definite suggestion: Get good instruments. Put quality into them. Don't cheat the little fellows with inferior tools with which to build their musical castles. Original costs of instru-

ments eventually prove to be good investments.

Obviously, the total cost of equipping a band or orchestra depends upon its size and the type of equipment. Many Legion posts are finding it possible to assemble juvenile musicians with their own instruments, which means that the homes from which these young folk come have put up the initial outlay. And perhaps, after all, that is the best plan. That presupposes one very vital factor in individual and group progress in music—a warm, lasting interest among the parents and other home folk.

MANY Legion Posts are finding ways and means of providing uniforms. And good, classy uniforms add a tremendous incentive! Members of the United States Marine Band have been wearing the red "tunics," now officially known as "full dress red coats," since the first days of its organization. In fact, the Revolutionary War Marines wore coats of this same color.

There is a purpose in the uniform regulations of our Band in continuing to prescribe what the newspapermen so frequently characterize as "a brilliant scarlet-coated uniform." A feeling of worth, discipline and accomplishment goes with it.

And that brings me to a final suggestion: Give them every possible incentive to advance and develop a good outfit. When I mastered the clarinet, it was with a definite goal in mind. I wanted—oh, how I wanted!—to join that glamorous, red-coated band, the Marines! Once in an organization, a juvenile's progress will be measured by what there is provided of interest to do.

A long-range schedule of activities should be held before these young musicians. There are always plenty of calls. It is up to the leader and his sponsors to

determine the most worthy and important. Playing for school functions, athletic events, patriotic meetings and gatherings of civic interest, is a constant, splendid means of rendering public service. Holiday excursions offer trips with happy travel and legitimate excitement.

Rivalry is a well known spur to musical endeavor, and any good leader will plan his schedule to take advantage of all the competition he can find.

Incentives make the work "behind the scenes," which means at home where the practicing has to be done, much easier. Any parent who struggles to keep a youngster practicing and progressing in music can appreciate that fact. It's not so much the actual time taken up with practice but the spirit with which the beginner goes at it that counts. Of course in the busy schedule of school, play, and necessary home activities, there will be found at least an hour for practice. That hour will be lengthened to an hour and a half and two hours as the student grows older, if real proficiency in music is sought.

It is time for a new group of Gilmores, Sousas and Santelmanns. For twelve years John Philip Sousa led the U. S. Marine Band. The high point of his career was reached when, on returning from a World Concert Tour with his band, his eyes fell on the Statue of Liberty in New York harbor. He seized paper and pencil, and the immortal march "Stars and Stripes Forever" flowed from his thrilled soul.

Another "march king" is likely tooting a horn somewhere in a boys' band, and he'll grow up and catch the stirring melody of another "Semper Fidelis" or "U. S. Field Artillery." At any rate, multiplied by the thousands in the juvenile bands and orchestras, he'll continue to enrich with music his home, his community and America.

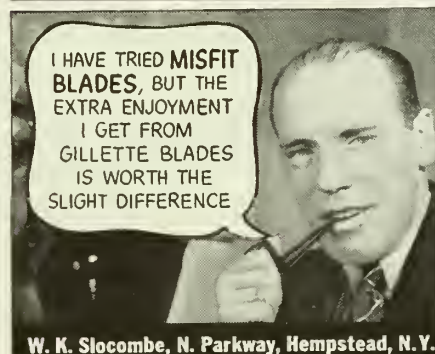
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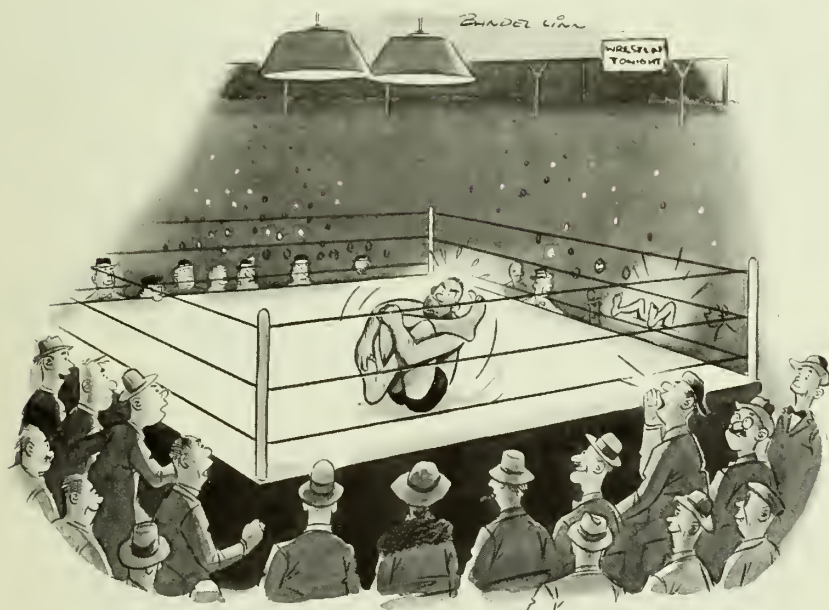
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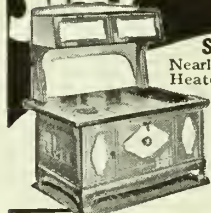
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The State That Has Everything

(Continued from page 11)

along the winding Mohawk Valley, are many more places of scenic and historic interest. There lies the Iroquois-Mohawk country, rich in beauty and legend. Further to the west is the lovely Finger Lakes region, while just beyond the visitor comes to the Genesee country with restful countryside farms, tinkling streams and small lakes.

On our western frontier lies the Niagara-Chautauqua region, so called from the state's premier scenic spectacle, Niagara Falls, and from Lake Chautauqua, home of the noted Chautauqua cultural movement which has become countrywide.

For the Legionnaire who wishes to travel northward from Albany rather than westward, there awaits the great Adirondack area with the State's vast forest preserve—more than 2,000,000 acres of primitive wilderness, high mountain peaks, lakes, tumbling streams and other allurements. Also in the North country lies the internationally known Thousand Islands-St. Lawrence region,

favorite alike of lovers of the picturesque and devotees of the rod and gun.

The State of New York is justly proud of its seventy State Parks, efficiently maintained and adequately equipped for the enjoyment of camping and other forms of outdoor recreation. The convention visitor to New York City will find, close at hand, at Jones Beach State Park on Long Island, one of the world's finest seashore developments. And remiss he will be if, while visiting there, he fails to take advantage of the opportunity to explore the many other delights of this beautiful section of our State.

Here has been given, of course, only the barest outline of what the visiting Legionnaire can find to see and do in New York State. As these words are insufficient to give more than a hint of the pleasure we know awaits you here, so must they be inadequate to express our welcome.

Be assured that all the people of all the State of New York are glad you are coming.

Careers Aloft

(Continued from page 26)

or he must pass an examination to demonstrate that he possesses the educational equivalent of this requirement. If these stipulations are met, a physical examination is given to determine physical fitness for flight training.

Once accepted and entered as a flying cadet at Randolph Field, the student receives seventy-five dollars a month as pay and a ration allowance of a dollar a day. In addition, uniforms and equipment are supplied to the candidate without cost. Transportation is furnished by the government to and from the home. Upon discharge, a successful cadet is commissioned and accepts active duty as a reserve officer, with transportation to his home after his duty is completed furnished by the government.

The eight months' course at Randolph Field is divided into primary and basic stages, each of four months' duration. During the first four-month period the students fly the primary training plane, following which they are taught to handle the more sensitive controls of the basic training plane. This is the medium of transition to the regular service-type airplanes which cadets fly in their last four months of their course at the advanced flying school at Kelly Field, nearby.

An excellent ground course simultaneously indoctrinates the fledgling in airplane engines, theory of flight, radio, ground gunnery, air navigation, meteor-

ology and aircraft maintenance. In the one year period of training, a student receives a total of 323 hours' flight instruction. Of course, all candidates do not successfully meet the strict regulations and requirements of the training period. About 45 per cent of entering students satisfactorily complete the course and graduate from the Center. Most of the failures are due to unsatisfactory progress in the air. Thus the fact that a candidate has passed the rigid physical and educational requirements does not insure his graduation. This indicates that there are other factors just as weighty which are not being given careful consideration in the selection of students. In the school of aviation medicine itself there is no agreement as to what constitutes a flier and what does not, yet promising results are being compiled from a prolonged study of the problem. The entire science is so new that there is much to learn.

In view of the increasing attention upon armaments and our own needs for adequate national defense, the air branches are winning long-withheld recognition. The President in June authorized "not to exceed 4,000 airplanes" for the Army Air Corps. In the same bill, authorized commissioned strength was increased to 12,403. From the reserves and flying cadets many of these future pilots will come.

Of the numbers of airplanes contemplated by a board study of what the air defense elements of the Hawaiian Islands should be, there are now in the islands less than one-third. Authorities familiar with the air defense needs of the islands have frequently emphasized the necessity for the new type planes for the Hawaiian department. Without them there can be provided no adequate air defense for the islands. Also, in the opinion of Major General Hugh A. Drum, chairman of the War Department board that made a study of this subject, there should be a group of long-range bombers located in Alaska.

"In my opinion," he stated, "there should be in Alaska, possibly around Dutch Harbor, in Seattle, in San Diego, in Panama, and in Hawaii, a group of long-range bombers that will be able to work in co-operative effort over the water zone included in the triangle of Alaska-Hawaii-Panama. These planes should be a combination of observation and bombardment. By co-operative effort they should be able to cover that area without much difficulty. Of course, they won't make the area absolutely safe, but they will do a good deal of harm and cause delay and loss to the enemy."

Those planes will be forthcoming; pilots to fly them will include aviation cadets.

The Army is asking for sixty millions for its Air Corps in the coming year's budget.

The Navy appropriation act for the fiscal year 1937 contains \$7,868,469 for the naval reserve, which was an increase of \$515,634 above the appropriation for the previous fiscal year. Of the total amount appropriated, \$3,974,132 was to meet the expenses of the aviation cadet program and \$351,090 for Marine Corps

Reserve flying expenses. Of the total appropriation \$5,334,303 is required to be used exclusively for and on account of naval and Marine Corps reserve aviation (including the aviation cadet program.)

By the very nature of things, foreign countries are required to maintain large standing armies. Not so the United States. However, that there is room for a great improvement in the national defense program is quite obvious from the following table showing approximate naval reserve strength furnished the Select Committee of the House Naval Affairs Committee:

Italy	216,500
France	175,000
Gt. Britain	72,000
Japan	54,000
U. S.	44,000

The United States Army reserve force is almost ten times our Naval Reserve.

Congressman Melvin J. Maas, member of the Committee on Naval Affairs, said before the House a year ago: "Well-trained Reserves are the cheapest and most effective defense forces possible, and they are never going to try to stimulate aggressive nor overseas wars."

The Flying Cadets of the Air Corps and the Aviation Cadets of the Navy and Marine Corps have an honorable and worthy heritage behind them. They have a wonderful future before them. America, thanks to these alert young men, will not lack for personnel to keep her aircraft aloft during the troublesome years ahead.

The opinions or assertions contained herein are the private ones of Lieutenant Mazet and are not to be construed as official or reflecting the views of the Navy Department or the naval service at large.

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14 Million Trees

(Continued from page 33)

the cadets and cadettes, R. O. T. C., of the Phoenix Union High School. Greenway Post sponsors cadet companies A and C; Frank Luke, Jr., Post sponsors cadet companies B and D. The Drum and Bugle Corps sponsors the cadet military band; Frank Luke, Jr., Auxiliary Unit sponsors the first and second platoons of the cadette company, and Greenway Auxiliary Unit sponsors the third platoon. Standard American Legion medals and plaques were awarded outstanding cadets, cadettes, bandsmen and companies at the end of the school year. The sponsors were highly gratified by the honor rating given the battalion at the annual Federal inspection.

At the beginning of the last school year a Reserve Officers Training Corps unit was established at Ohio University at Athens. K. T. Crossen Post promptly assumed an active sponsorship of the unit, and as a part of the sponsorship established two annual awards to be made to the best drilled company. Legionnaire Hal K. Wells of K. T. Crossen Post writes that the prizes offered, a saber to the commanding officer of the company, an honor streamer for its guidon, and ribbon bands for individual members, proved to be a popular feature. Rivalry was keen, and the general result was a strong bond of fellowship and goodwill. The honors were won by Company B and the presentations were made by Post Commander John DeMolet at the final review.

Another notable work that has been carried on since 1926 is the annual Military Day sponsored by the Jefferson County Council, which includes the eleven Posts of Birmingham and immediate vicinity, at the Alabama Boys Industrial Home at East Lake. The idea of this annual event originated with Headley E. Jordan, who has served as National Executive Committeeman for Alabama and is now completing a term as President of the Jefferson County Council. Prizes are offered for proficiency in drill and in class work. Colonel D. M. Weakley, Superintendent of the

School, reports that the prize offered for the best essay on the subject, "Military Training and American Youth," was so keen that it caused more books to be read by cadets in two months than had been read in the previous five years.

The Voice of the Legion

AS A lasting memorial to the men who have led the Legion, a concise record of their accomplishment, and as a serviceable work of reference, *The Voice of The American Legion*, which has been prepared by National Historian Thomas M. Owen, Jr., will soon be issued by National Headquarters. The book will contain about four hundred pages, forty of which will be devoted to pictures, and will include a biographical study of each Past National Commander, their key speeches, the story of their year in office, and their report to the National Convention. In fact the work is designed to be a source book and complete record of Legion effort.

The work of compiling such a book was undertaken by National Historian Owen to fill a very definite need, and to make readily available the Legion record of its first nineteen years. The first announcement of publication brought a splendid response from Departments and Posts, many of which have ordered copies which they will place in public libraries. The book will be issued in a limited edition, and will be available to Legionnaires at two dollars per copy.

Plenty of Commanders

IT SEEMS that Walter Miller Post of Plainwell, Michigan, is not the only Post in the Legion national organization boasting of three or more Commanders on duty at the present time. The June number of the magazine had but little more than reached its readers when letters began to come in calling attention to Posts in widely separated sections that could claim similar distinction. In a couple of these letters the writers inti-

LEGIONNAIRE CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE

ARTHUR MITCHELL: Stanley Hardman Post, Trinidad, Colorado.
NATIONAL COMMANDER COLMERY: Capitol Post, Topeka, Kansas.
FORREST G. COOPER: Indianola (Mississippi) Post.
HERBERT H. LEHMAN: Carle-Anderson Post, Harrison, New York.
FRANKLYN J. ADAMS: Anderson-Mayberry Post, Yarmouth, Maine.
THOMAS HENRY BOYD: 91st Division Post, Portland, Oregon.
ROBERT GINSBURGH: Black Diamond Post, Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania.
WILLIAM J. PEDRICK: New York Athletic Club Post.
TAYLOR BRANSON: Victory Post, Washington, D. C.
PAUL CHAPMAN: George M. Pullman Post, Chicago.
HERBERT ROESE: Advertising Men's Post, New York City.

Conductors of regular departments of the magazine, all of whom are Legionnaires, are not listed.

mated that the Step-Keeper had stuck his neck out a little too far.

The first letter received was from Elbert Bogart, of Paris (Illinois) Post, poet laureate of the Prairie State Legion, protesting that his Post has a bit of an edge on the Michigan entry, naming four Commanders now on duty—three regular and one local. These Commanders are Elbert Bogart, Eighteenth District Commander, Percy McMullen, County Commander; Adin Yates, Post Commander, and Starr Myer, Commander of Edgar County Last Man Club.

F. M. Holaday, Adjutant of Baraboo (Wisconsin) Post, writes that his Post not only has three active Commanders on the roster, but has three current Adjutants as well. These are: George Weber, Seventh District Commander; Carl Hornung, County Commander, and Walter Bayer, Post Commander. As each Commander must have an Adjutant Baraboo Post willingly gave Paul Stewart to serve as Adjutant of the Seventh District; H. H. Prange as County Adjutant,

and Comrade Holaday to fill the job of Post Adjutant.

Johnstown (Pennsylvania) Post steps up the highest office in the Department. Adjutant E. S. Keedy proudly reports that the membership roster of that nationally known Post includes Department Commander Walter J. Kress, Curtis P. Paessler, Commander of the Twentieth District, and Louis Sheehan, Post Commander. Out in Nebraska, Dawson County Post at Cozad qualifies for a place in the Three-Commander club with Frank Behrens, now serving as Fifth District Commander; Dave F. Stevens, County Commander, and Harold Smith, Post Commander.

The First X

JERRY Holton, Adjutant of Becker-Chapman Post at Waterloo, Iowa, writes that Christ Xestras, a three-star Legionnaire, is a member of his Post. He is the first X reported, but probably not the last.

BOYD B. STUTLER

Legion Raised

(Continued from page 13)

Milwaukee Junior Baseball Team and joined Waterloo in 1932. Had trial with Chicago White Sox, a fling with Galveston, Des Moines and Minneapolis, then the Red Sox.

Dallesandro, Dominic—Outfielder of the Red Sox. Born in Reading, Pa., October 3, 1913. Is the midjet of the majors. From the top of his head to the soles of his feet, he's five feet, five inches. Began as a pitcher, but because he could powder the ball he went to the outfield, just as Babe Ruth did when the Bam was a member of the same club years and years ago.

Feller, Bob—Pitcher with Cleveland's Indians. Born in Van Meter, Ia., Nov. 3, 1918, but now lives in Adel, Ia. Most highly publicized rookie in the big leagues. Established American League strikeout record last year by fanning 17 of the Philadelphia Athletics. This happened two weeks after he had fanned 15 Browns. Cleveland nearly lost him last spring when its right to him was questioned, but Baseball Commissioner Kenesaw Mountain Landis ruled him the property of the Indians. Pitched five no-hit games his last year as a high school hurler and wowed them in Junior Baseball tourneys. Attended high school last winter, and returned home in the spring to take his exams.

Tobin, James—Pitcher with Pittsburgh Pirates. Born in Oakland, Cal., Dec. 27, 1912. Can play infield as well as pitch, but when he joined the Yankees last spring for a trial he was a pitcher. Didn't click with Manager Joe McCarthy so he was returned to Oakland, but had

hardly reached there when the Pirates stepped in and bought him, thereby giving him another fling at the majors. This may be pretty profitable for Tobin because the Pirates were still a pennant possibility as this was written.

Turbeville, George—Pitcher with Philadelphia Athletics. Born in Turbeville, N. C. (named for his ancestors), August 26, 1916. University of North Carolina lad. Observed his 1935 birthday by losing a tough 15-inning game to Cleveland, 2—0. Is a starting pitcher for the A's his third year with the club, a big, strong hurler who can do a lot of work.

Arnovich, Morris—Outfielder with Philadelphia Nationals. Born in Superior, Wis., Nov. 16, 1914. One of the few Jewish boys in the big leagues. Played in Northern League and later with Hazleton before joining Phils. Wasn't given much consideration when spring training started, but is a regular now.

Owen, Arnold (Mickey)—Catcher with St. Louis Cardinals. Born in Springfield, Mo., April 4, 1917, but has lived most of his life in Los Angeles, where he played Junior Baseball. Returned to his birthplace to make his pro debut. Mickey is referred to as the \$20,000 catcher, and he may be worth that in time. If he isn't worth that in another season or so, don't blame Mickey, for he's the hustling, bustling type.

Lavagetto, Harry (Cooky)—Second baseman with Brooklyn Dodgers. Born in Oakland, Cal., Dec. 1, 1914. Cooky broke into the big league with Pittsburgh's Pirates. Incidentally, his old job at second base (Continued on page 56)



PRIZE CATCH

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| <input type="checkbox"/> Law: Degree of LL.B. | <input type="checkbox"/> C. P. A. Coaching |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Commercial Law | <input type="checkbox"/> Business English |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Industrial Mgm't | <input type="checkbox"/> Effective Speaking |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Business Mgm't | <input type="checkbox"/> Stenotypy |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Business Corres. | |

LASALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY
Dept. 8361-R Chicago

Legion Raised

(Continued from page 55)

with the Buccaneers is being filled by another Junior Baseball grad, Lee Handley. Lavagetto is a dependable fielder and while not a slugger manages to punch out hits when those hits are needed badly.

Handley, Lee—Second baseman with Pittsburgh Pirates. Born in St. Louis, July 31, 1915. Made a free agent from Cincinnati's minor league farm system. Signed with Pittsburgh for a salary reported in the neighborhood of \$15,000. Lee's brother, Gene, is with Durham of the Piedmont League, played Junior Baseball in Peoria.

Lewis, John K. (Buddy)—Third baseman with Washington Senators. Born in Gastonia, N. C., August 10, 1914. Began as second baseman with home town Junior Baseball team when only 12. Traveled with Giants as "guest" in 1934, and after listening to Manager Bill Terry describe what a long, hard road it was to the majors he started to travel it, and stepped along at such a fast pace that he was advanced from Chattanooga of the Southern Association to the Senators late in 1935. Has been Washington's regular third sacker ever since. Plans to be cotton broker when baseball days are over, which won't be for a long time, if he keeps his stride.

Hogsett, Elon—Pitcher with St. Louis Browns. Born in Brownell, Kans., Nov. 2, 1914. After spending a couple of seasons in Detroit Tigers' bullpen, he was sold to Browns, and changed into a starting pitcher. Hogsett, a left-handed Cherokee Indian, started with Cushing, Okla. Was recently adopted by Iroquois Tribe and given the name of Ranantassee, which means Strong Arm.

Since that article of last September the following ex-Junior Baseballers have clicked in the minor leagues:

Pitchers—Tony Archinski, Tony Gagliano, Gene Haley, R. A. Lingle, Moon Toliuszis, Suvern Wright, Jimmy Rego,

Max Macon, Sebastian Wagner, Johnny Kneee, Floyd Stromme, Dave Stevens, Bob Haas and Gordon Stafne.

Catchers—Mike Tresh, Waddy Holm, Jimmy Crandall, J. D. Queen and Bob Brookheart.

First Basemen—George McDonald, Roy Mort, Len Gabrielson, Art Shoap and Johnny Sturm.

Second Basemen—Al Wright, Frank Gira, Tony Robello, Ken Richardson and Stan Sperry.

Third Basemen—Lewis Mingus, Tom Hafey and Marshall Mauldin.

Shortstops—Myron McCormick, Francis Hawkins, Eddie Hope, Eddie Schohl, Maurice Jacobs and Johnny Antonelli.

Infielders—Louis Athanas and Tufek Skaffi.

Outfielders—Larry Manuian and Paul Carpenter.

Looking over the cities whose Legion Junior Baseball teams have been grand providers for the pro's, we find such as Oakland, Chicago, Los Angeles, San Francisco, St. Louis, Memphis and New Orleans have been right up in the lead. And here they are:

Oakland—Ralph Whitney, Len Gabrielson, Frank Gira, Harry Lavagetto, Tony Robello, Einar Sorensen, Tom and Dan Hafey, Weido Lacione, Jimmy Rego and Jimmy Tobin.

Chicago—Phil Cavarretta, Ted Swed, Ray Duvall, Alex Wojik, Eddie Hope, Rudy Laskowski, Eddie Schohl, Dick Kramer, Henry Meyer and Nick Polly.

San Francisco—Roy Mort, Al Wright, Bobby Jones, Eddie Joost, Francis Hawkins, Mickey Duggan and Babe Dahlgren.

Los Angeles—George McDonald, Bobby and Harold Doerr, Harold Smith, George Snider, Arnold Owen and Steve Mesner.

St. Louis—Mario Farrotto, Bobby Mattick, Jr., Gene Handley, Joe Schultz, Jr., Clyde Leigh and Gene Haley.

New Orleans—Leonard Mock, Larry

LEGION JUNIOR BASEBALL GRADS IN MAJOR LEAGUE BASEBALL

(As of June 25)

CLUB	HOME
1B CAVARRETTA, Phil	Chicago, Ill.
2B LAVAGETTO, Harry (Cooky)	Oakland, Cal.
2B DOERR, Bobby	Los Angeles, Cal.
2B HANDLEY, Lee	Peoria, Ill.
3B LEWIS, John K. (Buddy)	Gastonia, N. C.
OF DALLSANDRO, Dominic	Reading, Pa.
OF ARNOVICH, Morris	Superior, Wis.
OF GALAN, Augie	Berkeley, Cal.
OF GAFFKE, Fabian	Milwaukee, Wis.
C OWEN, Arnold (Mickey)	Oakland, Cal.
P FELLER, Bob	Adel, Ia.
P TURBEVILLE, George	Turbeville, N. C.
P TOBIN, John	Oakland, Cal.
P GUMPERT, Randall	Birdsboro, Pa.
P HOGSETT, Elon	Brownell, Kan.
Chicago, N. L.	
Brooklyn, N. L.	
Boston, A. L.	
Pittsburgh, N. L.	
Washington, A. L.	
Boston, A. L.	
Philadelphia, N. L.	
Chicago, N. L.	
Boston, A. L.	
St. Louis, N. L.	
Cleveland, A. L.	
Philadelphia, A. L.	
Pittsburgh, N. L.	
Philadelphia, A. L.	
St. Louis, A. L.	

Gilbert, Jr., Joe Graffagnini, Clarence Tregre, Jonah Butzman and Sid Gautreaux.

Memphis—Paul Giannini, Tony Signaigo, Billy Scheele, Polly Cummings and Johnny Antonelli.

THE 164 Legion Junior Baseball graduates to professional ball come from the following States, the number each State has furnished being given, along with the cities and towns that produced the ball players:

Alabama—Birmingham. State total—1.

Arkansas—Parkin. State total—1.

California—Oakland, Los Angeles, San Francisco, San Bernardino, Berkeley, Fresno, Napier, San Diego, Stockton, Cotton, Manhart and Long Beach. State total—38.

Colorado—Denver. State total—1.

Connecticut—Norwalk. State total—1.

Delaware—Wilmington. State total—1.

Florida—Pensacola and Tampa. State total—4.

Georgia—Carrollton, Atlanta and Albany. State total—4.

Illinois—Chicago, East Chicago, Kankakee, Zeigler, Peoria, and Kewanee. State total—16.

Iowa—Van Meter. State total—1.

Kansas—Topeka, Wichita and Brownell. State total—3.

Kentucky—Louisville. State total—3.

Louisiana—New Orleans. State total—6.

Maine—Lisbon Falls. State total—1.

Michigan—Detroit. State total—2.

Maryland—Baltimore and Cumberland. State total—6.

Massachusetts—Boston and Lowell. State total—4.

Minnesota—Winona, St. Paul, St. Cloud and Springfield. State total—5.

Mississippi—Meridian, Hueytown and Gulfport. State total—5.

Missouri—Joplin, Kansas City and St. Louis. State total—8.

New Mexico—Albuquerque. State total—1.

New York—Johnson City, Buffalo and Staten Island. State total—3.

North Carolina—Charlotte, Belmont, Turbeville and Gastonia. State total—10.

North Dakota—Cooperstown and Fargo. State total—4.

Oklahoma—Carter. State total—1.

Pennsylvania—Birdsboro, Reading and York. State total—3.

Rhode Island—Central Falls. State total—1.

South Carolina—Spartanburg, Columbia, Ellcree and Columbus. State total—11.

Tennessee—Memphis. State total—6.

Texas—Waxahachie and Luling. State total—2.

Virginia—Alexandria. State total—1.

West Virginia—Bluefield. State total—1.

Wisconsin—Milwaukee, Evansville, Superior, New London and Ashland. State total—9.

Watch the number increase when the 1937 Junior Baseball season is ended.

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Glorious days in beautiful Berlin. Foaming steins and happy songs in joyful Munich. Romance at dear old Heidelberg. A sunny trip on the picturesque Rhine. A happy Wiedersehen with old friends at Coblenz and a cheerful welcome throughout Germany.

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special

LEGION PARTY TO EUROPE AFTER THE CONVENTION

Sail in the *Laconia* Sept. 24 . . . with the special American Legion party led by Thos. J. Kennedy, of Post 44, Roxbury, Mass.—who headed the New England delegation in 1927! Other groups will sail with Jos. P. Riley, of Brooklyn Post 500, and Edward W. McCall, of Philadelphia Post 20. Round trips as low as \$236 Cabin, \$173 Tourist, \$127 Third. And the reduction applies on these other sailings:

Direct to France	Direct to England
Queen Mary . . . Sept. 22	Samaria Oct. 1
Berengaria . . . Sept. 29	Georgie Oct. 2
Queen Mary . . . Oct. 6	Seythia Oct. 9

Another special Legionnaire party will sail with Mr. Chester Baum for a 9-day cruise to Nassau and Havana—Carinthia from N. Y. Sept. 22, 5 P. M., only \$85 up.

Apply to Official Transportation Agents, American Express Co., your local agent or Cunard White Star Line, 26 Broadway and 638 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

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Learn Profitable Profession in 90 days at Home

Salaries of Men and Women in the fascinating profession of Swedish Massage run as high as \$40 to \$70 per week but many prefer to open their own offices. Large incomes from Doctors, hospitals, sanitariums and private patients come to those who qualify through our training. Reducing alone offers rich rewards for specialists. Write for Anatomy Charts, sample lesson sheets and booklet—They're FREE. THE College of Swedish Massage 1601 Warren Blvd., Dept. C-75, Chicago (Successor to National College of Massage)

THE AMERICAN LEGION NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA FINANCIAL STATEMENT May 31, 1937

Assets

Cash on hand and on deposit	\$ 504,580.83
Notes and Accounts Receivable	43,328.94
Inventories	130,060.29
Invested funds	1,557,392.20
Permanent Investment—Overseas Graves Decoration Trust Fund.	192,972.92
Office Building, Washington, D. C., less depreciation	127,930.96
Furniture, Fixtures and Equipment	31,699.68
Deferred charges	18,783.15
	<u>\$2,609,748.97</u>

Liabilities, Deferred Income and Net Worth

Current Liabilities	\$ 72,841.66
Funds restricted as to use	38,863.32
Deferred Income	398,282.66
Permanent Trust—Overseas Graves Decoration Trust Fund	191,904.75
Net Worth:	
Restricted capital	\$1,551,409.29
Unrestricted Capital	356,447.29
	<u>\$1,907,856.58</u>
	<u>\$2,609,748.97</u>

FRANK E. SAMUEL, National Adjutant

Codes—Fact and Fallacy

(Continued from page 19)

As has been suggested above, Mrs. Friedman was a code expert before the United States entered the war. Fresh from college, she was engaged for code research work by George Fabyan, who had made his fortune in cotton fabrics and who fervently believed that the plays which have been credited to William Shakespeare these three hundred years were actually written by Sir Francis Bacon.

During the next six months she was exposed to the materials of a kind of golden age of code and cipher writing. For in the religious and dynastic and political struggles lasting from Mary Queen of Scots to Cromwell, Englishmen and Scotchmen, Frenchmen, Spaniards and Italians wrote almost as voluminously in codes as they did in their normal languages.

She made two uses of her opportunity. In the first place she convinced William Friedman, a brilliant young geneticist in the Fabyan scientific laboratories that he could have more fun solving the Baconian mystery than in charting the family trees of molluscs and fruit flies. He gradually transferred his working field from genetics to cryptology. They were married in the winter of 1916-'17.

They very early learned that the first thing to look for in a scramble of letters or hieroglyphic ciphers is repetition. In English, for instance, there are all the final "e" and "s" words, the adverbs ending in "ly", the "ed" ending on the past tenses. There are the "ing", the "tion", the "cious", the "al" and the "ar" terminations. There are the diphthongs

like "th", "ch", and "wh", the "q" which never can be separated from its "u" satellite. There are the familiar vowel combinations of "double e" and "double o", of "ea", "ai", "au" and "ow". No system of cryptic writing that is intended to be read by a considerable circle of initiates can avoid these repetitions.

The price of cryptanalytical success is to sleuth everlastingly for those frequencies of symbols. Deciphering the first half dozen letters in a new code system is, in fact, as a rule, half the battle. When you have spotted "l" "u" and "c" from the familiar repetitive combination, for example, it does not take much code-breaking genius to realize that the fourth symbol in a four-letter word beginning with "l-u-c" must be "k".

You probably remember the *I'm Alone*, the Canadian rum-runner which was sunk by Coast Guardsmen outside the twelve-mile line and while flying the Canadian flag—and almost precipitated another *Alabama* claims case. Mrs. Friedman's clever work proved that the rum runner was actually American-owned.

The arbitration court, which consisted of Chief Justice Sir Lyman Poore Duff of Canada's Supreme Court and Associate Justice Willis Van Devanter of the United States Supreme Court, decided on damages of \$50,000 for the flag insult and destruction of Canadian seamen's property, instead of the million dollars that had been demanded and would have been exacted but for the cryptographics work of Mrs. Friedman.

Don't Take America for Granted

(Continued from page 9)

the average man when drawn for jury duty to run to the judge or his lawyer to get excused and thus shirk his responsibility. I see it in the type who says, "I have no time for government; it takes all my time and strength to attend to my business;" in the type who beg to be excused so they may attend a show or enjoy the witty conversation of men and women around the dinner, bridge or poker table. In the type who think it is degrading to serve on a city council or board of education, or attend a parent-teachers meeting, even though the educational advantages of his own children may be at stake. In the failure to be tolerant, sympathetic and co-operative and lend a helping hand to those who are willing to serve in positions of public trust to the end that democracy may click. These have no time for free institutions. To them the privilege of

the American ballot or participating in self-government aren't worth as much as the turn of the dollar or the loss of a single moment's personal comfort. And in the meantime others are operating the biggest business in the United States—the business of governing ourselves—shaping the policies of government, placing men in office, and determining the fate of the State and nation and your personal, political and economic security.

In another field, I see it in the constantly increasing tendency for over a decade of groups and individuals to resort to force and coercion to attain a given end instead of being willing to follow the orderly, peaceful method provided under the American plan. (The tendency is equally un-American, whether it comes from either employer or employee, or in the form of a gaudy nationalism as distinguished from true

patriotism, as some seek by force to deny to other American citizens their constitutional rights of freedom of speech and peaceful and public assembly which they claim for themselves. I see it in the defiance of court orders of the judicial branch of our government—the only bulwark to protect the rights of every individual and group. I see it in lack of courage of public officials who violate their oath of office as they fail to preserve the rights of all and fail to mete out even-handed justice as between conflicting groups.

These are but a few of the many illustrations about you showing the great drift away from the responsible citizenship necessary to maintain a government "of, by and for the people."

Again, influences have crept into the political life in America which both obscure the economic opportunity for the individual and threaten the guaranty of his personal, political rights as a free man. American citizenship has made progress and enjoyed stability because it has had as its foundation the ideals and character of a free people, ideals which found their expression in government characterized by decency, honor, regard for the less fortunate, justice, and fidelity to public trust. An apparent slipping away from these standards is destroying that equality of opportunity which is America's greatest prize.

There can be no equality of opportunity if city governments are in the hands of grafters, nor as long as groups debauch the suffrage to secure favors from those who occupy positions of trust in the organized government, nor as long as men seek public office for the purpose of securing contracts for their company or to boost a personal or private interest, as competition is restricted by the writing into public contracts of specifications which give an advantage to financial godsend of the organization. Nor as long as "the payoff" rates a place in both the public and commercial "dictionary of terms;" nor as long as political machines or individuals dictate not only who shall govern, but how and when we shall be governed, and how and for what the public funds shall be spent, using the one to enforce the other, nor as long as unscrupulous men seek the spoils of politics and grow rich on moderate salaries. Nor as long as men in positions of public trust in both executive and legislative branches of the government sacrifice conviction for expediency, political favor or personal preferment, nor as long as legitimate business must pay tribute, soon or late,

to the racketeer, political or otherwise.

America has forgotten who "We, the People" are. There has grown up on the part of public office holders an attitude that they speak for "We, the People." Politics has become a *trade*. As such it is dominated by those who hold office. Politics should be a *duty*—to be performed by the individual citizens, "We, the People"—who set up this Government to protect our life, liberty and pursuit of happiness, and adopted a written constitution as the expression of our Supreme Will. These tradesmen, whether they hold national, state or municipal office, are given a commitment from the people from time to time. They are not "We, the People." They do not speak for "We, the People" unless they speak and act in accordance with and subject to our Supreme Will as expressed in the Constitution.

If we are to continue to live under a flag which guarantees to us life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, the citizen must give to his government and its operation that full measure of devotion which a government dedicated to the happiness of the individual has a right to expect. By that I mean you should vote on election day; serve on the jury when you are drawn; inform yourself on public questions; do not consider it beneath your dignity to serve in a party or on a council or school board.

See to it in your own right that men of independence of character, scrupulous loyalty to right, and unwavering fidelity to trust, are placed in public office. The citizenship must be active if the voice of the people is (to be) the voice of God.

The biggest, most important thing we have in the United States is the business of governing ourselves. Yet the average citizen considers it a trite thing for public discussion—too idealistic to bother about. To secure for ourselves and our families the greatest amount of comforts and happiness in life is the very goal of human existence. The citizens of this country have always been, comparatively, the best fed, best housed, best clothed, best educated and have had more things to make them comfortable and happy than any people in the history of mankind. That has been due to the political freedom, economic opportunity and political and economic security enjoyed by the individual. These have been provided for and have protected the citizen under America's system of constitutional democracy. To preserve such a system for our benefit is not idealistic. It is downright selfish.

Souvenirs de luxe

(Continued from page 21)

shortly after the Mexican War and the guns became part of the souvenirs.

At West Point, the evidence is offered

that the first round of the Civil War was not fired in the harbor of Charleston, but from the banks (Continued on page 60)

DON'T BRUSH FALSE TEETH AND REMOVABLE BRIDGES!

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WORKS LIKE MAGIC
Put plate or bridge in half a glass of water. Add a little Polident powder—and see stains and deposits go!

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If you suffer with those terrible attacks of Asthma when it is hot and sultry; if heat, dust and general mugginess make you wheeze and choke as if each gasp for breath was the very last; if restful sleep is impossible because of the struggle to breathe; if you feel the disease is slowly wearing your life away, don't fail to send at once to the Frontier Asthma Co. for a free trial of a remarkable method. No matter where you live or whether you have any faith in any remedy under the Sun, send for this free trial. If you have suffered for a lifetime and tried everything, you could learn of without relief; even if you are utterly discouraged, do not abandon hope but send today for this free trial. It will cost you nothing. Address

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HAPPY RELIEF FROM PAINFUL BACKACHE

Caused by Tired Kidneys

Many of those gnawing, nagging, painful backaches people blame on colds or strains are often caused by tired kidneys—and may be relieved when treated in the right way.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking excess acids and poisonous waste out of the blood. Most people pass about 3 pints a day or about 3 pounds of waste.

If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters don't work well, poisonous waste matter stays in the blood. These poisons may start nagging backaches, rheumatic pains, lumbago, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from the blood. Get Doan's Pills.



FOOT ITCH ATHLETE'S FOOT

Send Coupon
Don't Pay Until Relieved

According to the Government Health Bulletin, No. E-28, at least 50% of the adult population of the United States are being attacked by the disease known as Athlete's Foot.

Usually the disease starts between the toes. Little watery blisters form and the skin cracks and peels. After a while the itching becomes intense and you feel as though you would like to scratch off all the skin.

Beware of It Spreading

Often the disease travels all over the bottom of the feet. The soles of your feet become red and swollen. The skin also cracks and peels, and the itching becomes worse and worse.

Get rid of this disease as quickly as possible, because it is very contagious and it may go to your hands or even to the under arm or crotch of the legs.

Most people who have Athlete's Foot have tried all kinds of remedies to cure it without success. Ordinary germicides, antiseptics, salve or ointments seldom do any good.

Here's How to Treat It

The germ that causes the disease is known as Tinea Trichophyton. It buries itself deep in the tissues of the skin and is very hard to kill. A test made shows it takes 20 minutes of boiling to kill the germ, so you can see why the ordinary remedies are unsuccessful.

H. F. was developed solely for the purpose of treating Athlete's Foot. It is a liquid that penetrates and dries quickly. You just paint the affected parts. It peels off the tissue of the skin where the germ breeds.

Itching Stops Immediately

As soon as you apply H. F. you will find that the itching is immediately relieved. You should paint the infected parts with H. F. night and morning until your feet are well. Usually this takes from three to ten days, although in severe cases it may take longer or in mild cases less time.

H. F. will leave the skin soft and smooth. You will marvel at the quick way it brings you relief; especially if you are one of those who have tried for years to get rid of Athlete's Foot without success.

H. F. Sent On Free Trial

Sign and mail the coupon and a bottle of H. F. will be mailed you immediately. Don't send any money and don't pay the postman any money, don't pay anything any time unless H. F. is helping you. If it does help we know you will be glad to send us \$1 for the treatment at the end of ten days. That's how much faith we have in H. F. Read, sign, and mail the coupon today.



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A.L.

Please send me immediately a complete treatment for foot trouble as described above. I agree to use it according to directions. If at the end of 10 days my feet are getting better I will send you \$1. If I am not entirely satisfied I will return the unused portion of the bottle to you within 15 days from the time I receive it.

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See Rome, Florence, Milan—all of Italy. Meet your buddies on the Boulevards of Paris with The American Legion Foreign Pilgrimage. Low cost to Legionnaires. Ships sail immediately after the New York Convention. Make your reservations *now*. Speak to your Post Adjutant today. Don't delay.

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for details.

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"WORLD'S LARGEST CHAIN of MEDIUM PRICED HOTELS"

Souvenirs de luxe

(Continued from page 59)

of the Mississippi near the city of Vicksburg several days before the Fort Sumter incident. The four-pounder, cast-iron, smooth-bore gun that fired it stands in the West Point library.

The Indian wars of the next twenty-five years contributed a host of mementoes to the collection. Moccasins, tomahawks, peace pipes, bows and arrows, tobacco bags, ornaments, feathers, purses, dolls, papoose cradles, war bonnets, scalping knives and other reminders of struggles in the winning of the West abound. There is one collection of arrows bought from a Sioux who said he pulled or cut each one from the body of a soldier of Custer's ill-fated command after the battle of the Little Big Horn, June 25, 1876.

Members of the fading generation of Indian fighters still admire the red broadcloth coat with ermine tails worn by Chief Joseph of the Nez Percé tribe, who was captured at Bear Paw, Montana, by General Miles in the war of 1877. Chief Joseph gave this valuable coat to Lieutenant Lovell Jerome when they were exchanged as prisoners of war, and the latter presented it to West Point.

The Army's contact with the Orient, beginning in 1808, opened a new field for the souvenir hunter. The United States made short shrift of Spanish opposition but when it came to establishing order in the chaotic Philippine Islands the Army found many difficulties in the face of strange weapons and guerilla tactics. The knife, the spear, the bolo, the barong and the kris in the deft hands of Filipino and Moro adversaries played havoc in swamp and jungle with American troops. Souvenirs of the pacification period reflect the character of the natives of 1899 and their ingenuity in the development of weapons to resist the Americans. Possessing few modern cannon, no arsenals of their own and no credit with which to buy armament, they built guns of sheet-iron rolled into cylinders or ordinary iron pipes or simply of logs of wood wound with wire or twisted hemp and bravely faced the up-to-date weapons of the American soldier. Many of these skilfully improvised cannon are now at West Point.

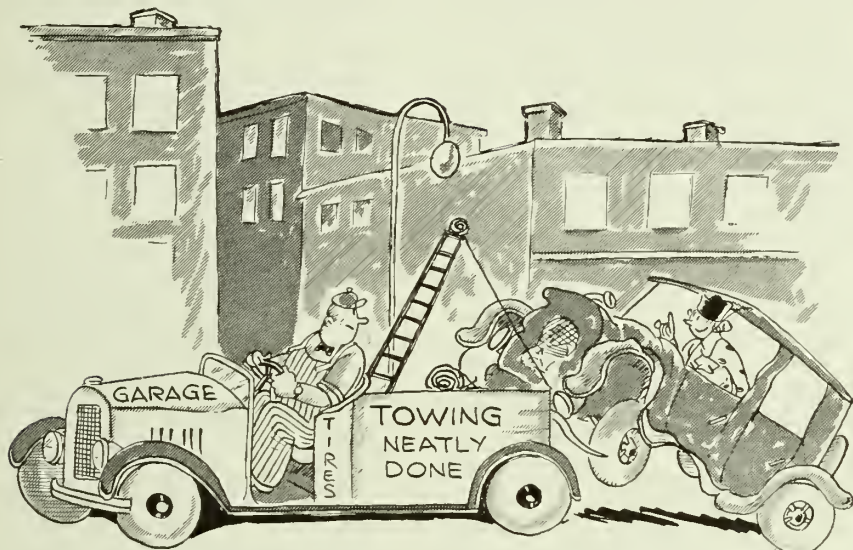
The Army's next venture in the Orient took it to the Boxer Rebellion in China. Graduates of the Military Academy in the expedition evidently kept their Alma Mater's museum constantly in mind. Chinese flags taken from the pagoda of the Forbidden City wall; coins cast during the Han, Sung and Ming dynasties, 700 to 2,000 years old; Buddhas and war-gods; Boxer uniforms, trumpets, battle-axes and swords, and a brick from the Great Wall are included among the souvenirs of the Boxer Rebellion. Among the guns is a Manchu or Tartar bronze cannon and carriage taken from the top

of the wall around the Tartar City. It is supposed to be one of the early types of cannon brought to Peking in 1606 at the time of the Tartar conquest of China and the establishment of the Tartar dynasty.

World War trophies complete the collection. In addition to the usual run of helmets, rifles, minnenwerfers and other souvenirs which have become integral parts of World War collections generally, West Point has a few unique mementoes. Of special interest to members of The American Legion is the French 75-mm. field gun, Number 13579, which was

issued to Battery C, Sixth Field Artillery, First Division, and fired the first artillery shot of the United States Army during the World War. Its exploits have been described in detail in this magazine.

General John J. Pershing of the Class of 1886 has contributed the secret battle order map used at the advanced post of command at Ligny-en-Barrois. Among other prized possessions is the periscopic telescope used by the German Crown Prince during the attack on Verdun. The instrument was captured by American troops at Montfaucon.



"Now drive carefully, young man."

art
he-ant

Navy to the Rescue

(Continued from page 43)

52D PIONEER INF.—Annual reunion. N. J. Brooks, 2 West 45th st., New York City.

54TH PIONEER INF.—Reunion officers and men. Col. W. G. Bates, 43 Cedar st., New York City.

Co. B, FOURTH CORPS ART. PARK—Reunion. Leonard P. Lester, 207 Spruce st., Audubon, N. J. 3d F. A., BTRY. B.—Proposed reunion. Paul K. Fuhrman, 525 E. Walnut st., Hanover, Pa.

11TH F. A.—Reunion with Metropolitan N. Y. Chapter. R. L. Sutton, chmn., 215-18 Van Zandt av., Little Neck, L. I., N. Y.

81st F. A.—Reunion in Ala. Dept. Hq. hotel, New York City. Frank E. Graham, 1725-31st st., Ensley Sta., Birmingham, Ala.

304TH F. A.—All vets invited to visit 77th Div. Clubhouse, 28 E. 39th st., New York City. J. M. Lattimer, comdr., 304th F. A. Post, 329 Fifth av., New York City.

BTRY. F. Assoc., 305TH F. A.—Reunion dinner, Sat., Sept. 18. James Lloyd Derby, 1 Cedar st., New York City.

307TH F. A., BTRY. D, 78TH DIV.—Reunion. John Wortley, 225 Second st., South Amboy, N. J.

334TH F. A., 87TH DIV.—Proposed reunion. Joseph J. Turek, 29 Broad st., Elizabeth, N. J.

1st SEP. BRIG., C. A. C. Assoc.—Reorganization banquet and reunion. William G. Kuenzel, 678 S. East st., Holyoke, Mass.

1st and 2d Cos., SYRACUSE VET., and 28TH C. A. C.—Proposed reunion. Frank A. Vincini, Post Office, Plymouth, Mass.

42D BRIG. Hq., C. A. (1st station, Camp Eustis)—Proposed reunion. Report to Maj. W. J. Gilbert, Fort Hamilton, Brooklyn, N. Y.

58TH ART., C. A. C., BTRY. B.—Reunion dinner. Send name, address to Arthur "Weasel" McQuillan, 1356 Municipal bldg., New York City.

304TH AMMUN. TRN., Co. F, 79TH DIV.—H. H. Sanders, postmaster, Borden, S. C.

312TH AMMUN. TRN., Co. G.—Ralph S. Heaton, Piermont rd., Closter, N. J.

102D and 105TH SIG. BNS.—Reunion at armory of 101st Sig. Bn., N. Y. N. G. 34th st. and Park av., New York City, Wed., Sept. 22, 5 to 8 p.m. R. L. Smith, adjt. Signal Post, 100 E. 34th st., New York City.

104TH F. S. BN.—Proposed reunion. George

Deecken, secy., 173A Baldwin av., Jersey City, N. J.

104TH F. S. BN., Cos. A, B, C and MED. DET.—D. A. Nimmo, 75 Montgomery st., Jersey City, N. J.

302D F. S. BN.—Reunion Hq. at 77th Div. Clubhouse, 28 E. 39th st., New York City. Jos. W. Smith, secy., care of clubhouse.

303D F. S. BN.—Reunion dinner, Sept. 22. Thomas Latimer, 164 E. 124th st., New York City.

52D TEL. BN., S. C.—Vets of Cos. D & E and Hq. Det. Harold T. Beal, 28 Oak st., Brewster, N. Y.

401st TEL. BN.—Proposed reunion. Edward B. Geary, 10 Old Orchard rd., Saco, Maine.

404TH TEL. BN.—Proposed reunion. Write to Leonard E. Stanton, 469 DeWitt av., Belleville, N. J.

418TH TEL. BN., S. C.—Write to Alderman C. H. Robillard, City Hall, New York City.

1st DEPOT, BN., S. C. RES., Ft. Wood, N. Y.—Reunion at 165th Armory, New York City. Silas A. Waddell, 627 Chislett st., Pittsburgh, Pa.

ORDNANCE DET., DOMGERMAIN—5th reunion. Fabian F. Levy, 419 W. Upsal st., Philadelphia, Pa.

CHATHAM (Mass.) AIR STA.—Reunion. Louis White, 240 Centre st., Room 115, New York City.

24TH AERO SQDRN.—Proposed reunion. Henry J. Fiset, 108 Byers st., Springfield, Mass.

31st AERO SQDRN.—Reunion-dinner, Prince George Hotel, New York City, Sept. 20. James B. Chambers, 135 Winthrop st., Winthrop, Mass.

95TH AERO SQDRN., 1st PURSUIT GROUP—G. C. Talmage, 20 N. Green st., East Stroudsburg, Pa.

96TH AERO SQDRN.—Proposed reunion. Carl C. Blanchard, Farmington, N. H.

113TH AERO SQDRN., SQDRN. C—A. K. Westbrook, Hobart Mfg. Co., 71 Madison av., New York City.

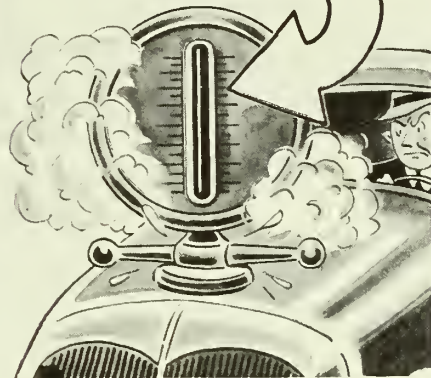
BEAUMONT OVERSEAS CLUB, INC., 200-201st (496-497th) AERO SQDRNS.—20th annual reunion, New York City, Sept. 18, at McAlpin Hotel, which will also be Hq. during convention. Warren E. Wastie, secy., 6 Cedar st., Lynbrook, L. I., N. Y.

225TH AERO SQDRN.—L. J. Ford, 628 W. York st., Philadelphia, Pa.

300TH AERO SQDRN.—Waldo E. Merritt, 2 Church st., Allentown, N. J.

486TH AERO SQDRN.—William A. Skinner, 75 Cedar st., Bangor, Maine. (Continued on page 62)

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619TH AERO SQDRN.—Proposed reunion. Sgt. George Mitton, Ladd, Ill.

641ST AERO SQDRN.—Proposed reunion. Robert D. Taylor, 61 Endwell st., Johnson City, N. Y.

190TH, 191ST and 343RD AERO SQDRNS. (2nd Prov. Wing, Park Place, Tex.)—Reunion. Joe Palladine, 118 N. Pittsburgh st., Connellsville, Pa.

U. S. SCHOOL OF MIL. AERONAUTICS, GRADUATING CLASS 5, GEORGIA TECH.—Frank G. Folsom, U. S. Nav. Torpedo Sta., Newport, R. I.

A. S. C. 3rd Co., Hq. BN., TOURS, FRANCE—Reunion, Hotel Pennsylvania, New York City. James B. Sullivan, 5705 5th st., N. W., Washington, D. C.

NATL. ASSOC. AMER. BALLOON CORPS VETS.—Annual reunion. Hq. in Parlor D, Hotel Roosevelt, New York City, will open Sun., Sept. 19, for period of convention. Harlo R. Hollenbeck, 117 Seedorf st., Battle Creek, Mich.

TANK CORPS VETS.—Reunion and dinner under auspices Tank Corps Post, A. L. Henry W. Bell-smith, adjt.—P. O. Box 589, Islip, L. I., N. Y.

CHEMICAL WARFARE SERV. (Edgewood Arsenal and elsewhere)—Reunion and organization. George W. Nicholas, R. 3, Box 75, Kingston, N. Y.

1st GAS REGT.—Proposed reunion. Leo Meyerowitz, 51 Chambers st., New York City.

3rd ARMY M. P. BN. (COBLENZ)—Reunion and organization. C. P. McGee, New Iberia, La.

FIRE TRUCK and HOSE Co. 324—Harry C. Davis, 71 Main st., Ashland, Mass.

3rd HEAVY MOB. ORN. REPAIR SHOP—Reunion. F. S. Earnshaw, Moundsville, W. Va.

Q. M. DEPOT No. 8, ARV. SEC., QUAI DE LONGWIC, DIJON, FRANCE—Reunion. David E. Posner, Suite 202, 6 State st., Rochester, N. Y.

314TH SUP. Co., Q. M. C.—Arthur Booth, 1801 Natl. Bank bldg., Detroit, Mich.

316TH SUP. Co., Q. M. C., and Post Q. M. DET., GIEVRES—Reunion at club-rooms of F. W. Galbraith Post, 313 E. 10th st., New York City. I. D. Ettinger, cmdr., care of Post.

318TH SUP. Co., Q. M. C.—Annual reunion. William (Speed) Leckie, R. 1, Wantagh, L. I., N. Y.

319TH SUP. Co., Q. M. C.—Milton Gordon, 300 Madison av., Room 604, New York City.

324TH SUP. Co.—Arthur C. Dennison, 1343 Princeton av., Philadelphia, Pa.

325TH SUPPLY Co., Q. M. C. and Q. M. OFFICE, CAMP DE MEUCON—Reunion. T. F. McNamara, 161 W. 36th st., New York City.

LA SOCIETE DES SOLIATS DE VERNEUIL—Reunion-meeting at Cabin Grill, 35 W. 33d st., New York City, Mon. night, Sept. 20. James A. McCarthy, c/o 5th av. Assoc., Empire State bldg., New York City.

M. T. C. Verneuil Vets.—Proposed reunion. Eugene L. Blumenreich, 346 W. 34th st., New York City.

311TH M. T. C. (CAMP HOLABIRN)—Proposed reunion. L. V. Doherty, 391 Fulton st., Brooklyn, N. Y.

414TH MOTOR TRUCK Co.—Ed. S. McGinnis, 215 E. Brown st., Norristown, Pa.

Co. A, 439TH MOTOR SUP. TRN., M. T. C.—First national reunion. Other companies invited. H. Frank Jones, 395 Broadway, New York City.

MOTOR TRUCK Co. 466, M. S. T. 417—Stephen S. Stasiowski, 34 Monroe st., Chicopee Falls, Massachusetts.

302nd TRENCH MORTAR BTRY.—Sgt. (Rev.) Walter F. Hoffman, Haverstraw, N. Y.

SERV. PARK UNIT 381, CAMP UPTON, N. Y.—Reunion. Frank Greenspan, 202 E. 100th st., New York City.

311TH REPAIR UNIT, Co. C, M. T. C.—Proposed reunion. J. W. Jones, Box 11, Elba, N. Y.

M. T. S. TRN. 402, Co. 306—Proposed reunion. Mason H. Palmer, 999 Columbus av., New York City.

REMOUNT SQDRN. 303—W. J. Calvert, 519 State Mutual bldg., Worcester, Mass.

CAMP ROCHAMBEAU, ST. PIERRE-DES-CORPS, TOURS, FRANCE—Reunion. John J. Santry, secy., 202 Pond st., So. Weymouth, Mass.

PERSONNEL, RAILHEAD, 10TH AREA, ROLANPONT, A. E. F.—Proposed reunion. Ernest R. Vader, 132 E. Lincoln av., Oshkosh, Wisc.

BASE HOSP. No. 44—Reunion. Thomas McGann, 296 Allston st., Brookline, Mass.

BASE HOSP. No. 116—19th annual reunion, Hotel McAlpin, New York City, Sat., Sept. 18. Dr. Torr W. Harner, 415 Marlborough st., Boston, Mass.

BASE HOSP. No. 117—Proposed reunion of personnel. Mrs. Roland Estey (Astrid Sand), Hotel Dorset, 30 W. 54th st., New York City, or Paul O. Komora, 50 West 50th st., New York City.

BASE HOSP. No. 136—5th annual reunion. Grover C. Potts, 947 Keswick blvd., Louisville, Ky.

EVAC. HOSP. No. 8—Annual reunion, Hotel McAlpin, New York City, Sat., Sept. 18, 6 p. m. Herman C. Idler, secy., Gaul & E. Susquehanna av., Philadelphia, Pa.

EVAC. HOSP. No. 14—Hq. at Lexington Hotel, New York City. J. Charles Meloy, Room 3050, Grand Central Terminal, New York City.

BASE HOSP., CAMP Dix—Register with Henry C. Mades, Highland rd., Colonia, N. J.

BASE HOSP., CAMP A. A. HUMPHREYS—Wilfred J. Harris, 1928 Bristol court, Scranton, Pa.

CAMP SEVIER (S. C.) BASE HOSP. ASSOC.—Reunion dinner, Hotel Governor Clinton, New York City. Wm. F. Alexander, Jr., Kearny, N. J.

CONV. HOSP. No. 4, NICE, FRANCE—Proposed reunion. Rex Martin, Blacksburg, W. Va.

MEN and Q. M. DET., FT. PORTER, N. Y.—Proposed reunion. Tom Beatty, 284 Brook av., N. Plainfield, N. J.

VET. HOSP. No. 6—Proposed reunion. Colenzo H. Hoffmire, ex-capt., Adrian, Mich.

WALTER REED HOSP., WASHINGTON, D. C.—Reunion of vets in Wards 12, 13, 18 and 53, during 1919. Chris Evensen, Box 121, Templeton, Mass.

CLUB CAMP HOSP. 52—4th annual reunion and banquet. Write Miss Sarah Lawrence, bostess chmn., 45 Prospect pl., New York City.

U. S. ARMY AMB. CORPS SEC. 646 (NORTON HARRIS SEC. 5)—Proposed reunion banquet, Sept. 21. Schenck Simpson, The American Rolling Mill Co., Middletown, Ohio.

GRAVES REG. SERV. UNIT 304—Proposed reunion, Sept. 21. C. F. Pitt, 373 Fourth av., New York City.

SIXTH BATTLE SQDRN., GRAND FLEET—Reunion of vets of U. S. S. *New York*, *Texas*, *Wyoming*, *Arkansas*, *Florida* and *Delaware*. C. Ivar Peterson, C. O. Miller Co., Stamford, Conn.

NORTH SEA SUICIDE FLEET (MINE-SWEEPERS)—Reunion of officers and men, Murry Wolfe, Gerald V. Carroll Post, A. L., Passaic, N. J.

U. S. NAV. AIR STA., KILLINGHOLME, ENG.—Shipmates dinner, Dave Gran., 4532 Denning pl., Chicago, Ill., or K. Van Court, Madison, N. J.

U. S. S. *Algonquin*—Proposed reunion. Malcolm Letts, ex-ships-writer, 3532-6th av., Los Angeles, Calif.

U. S. S. *Aztec*—Reunion. Edw. M. Manookian, 7 Stevens st., Malden, Mass.

U. S. S. *Coamo*, ARMY GUARD—Proposed reunion. George Shanks, 81 Wilson st., Brooklyn, N. Y.

U. S. S. *Connecticut*—Reunion and organization. F. N. Knight, Box 487, Closter, N. J.

U. S. S. *Elcano*, ASIATIC STA.—Bert M. Mooney, 136 Passaic st., Trenton, N. J.

U. S. S. *Essex*—Proposed reunion of vets of crew. Report to H. R. Schaeffer, 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York City.

U. S. S. *George Washington*—Reunion. Andrew Butterworth, 89-88 214th pl., Hollis, L. I., N. Y.

U. S. S. *Housatonic*, NORTH SEA MINE FORCE—Ross H. Currier, 108 Massachusetts av., Boston, Mass.

U. S. S. *Illinois*—Proposed reunion. John F. Handford, 31 E. Tulpehocken st., Philadelphia, Pa.

U. S. S. *Indiana*—C. V. Gallagher, Monroe, Mich.

U. S. S. *Iowa*—Wendell R. Lerch, 400 Front st., Berea, Ohio.

U. S. S. *Kittery*—Proposed reunion. D. J. Hagerty, ex-exec. offcr., P. O. Box 16, Elizabeth, N. J.

U. S. S. *Leviathan*—Proposed reunion and dinner dance of vets of crew, Sept. 21. Those who will attend convention report to H. R. Schaeffer, 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York City.

U. S. S. *Mohican*—Edward Emmons, 38 Orchard rd., Chatham, N. J.

U. S. S. *Narkeeta*—Reunion vets of crew, Oct. 1917 to Aug. 1919. W. H. Tritt, ex-sbip's cook, 2442 Nostrand av., Brooklyn, N. Y.

U. S. S. *Nevada*—Proposed reunion. Jesse H. Davis, Stanton, Tenn.

U. S. S. *New Jersey*—Proposed reunion. Ralph Scott, Route 3, Pendleton, Ind.

U. S. S. *Niagara*—Irving E. Ellis, 26 Robert st., New Britain, Conn.

U. S. S. *Oosterdijk*—Proposed reunion. G. A. Starling, 903 E. 39th st., Savannah, Ga.

U. S. S. *Paducah*—1st reunion of vets, 1916-19. Harry A. Fairbrother, Hawthorne, N. J.

U. S. S. *Plattsburg*—Daniel F. Dugan, Great Neck, L. I., N. Y.

U. S. S. *Quinnebaug* (NORTH SEA MINE-LAYER)—Edward J. Stewart, New York Times, 229 W. 43d st., New York City.

U. S. S. *Rijnland*—Proposed reunion. James F. McKeegan, 145 Greenpoint av., Brooklyn, N. Y.

U. S. S. *San Diego*—Proposed reunion of Marine det. D. Miller White, Marshalltown, Iowa.

U. S. S. *Seattle*—Proposed reunion. Henry P. Fink, 85 Park st., Easthampton, Mass.

U. S. S. *Susquehanna*—Carl Spencer, Ocean View, Norfolk, Va.

U. S. S. *Volunteer*—Proposed reunion. Report to Edward J. Burns, 377 Fifth av., San Francisco, Calif.

U. S. S. *Westover*—Reunion of survivors. Frank C. Benna, 701 Madison st., Oak Park, Ill.

U. S. S. *Wilhelmina*—Walter G. Peterson, Josephthal & Co., 120 Broadway, New York City.

U. S. S. *Athenia*—Reunion of survivors. G. E. Pitney, 48 Davenport av., Greenwich, Conn.

U. S. SUB-CHASER No. 23—Thomas J. Hutton, Pompton Lakes, N. J.

U. S. SUB-CHASER No. 25 (also other chasers in fleet)—Proposed reunion. Fred Catuna, 1525 E. 26th st., Brooklyn, N. Y.

U. S. SUB-CHASER No. 90—John C. Perry, Acushnet rd., Mattapoisett, Mass.

U. S. SUB-CHASER No. 174—Proposed reunion of vets of crew. Report to H. R. Schaeffer, 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York City.

U. S. SUB-CHASER No. 252—E. L. Anderson, 92 E. Elm av., Wollaston, Mass.

U. S. SUB-CHASER, 343-4-5-6—Walter (Buck) Fulmer, 4405 Unruh st., Philadelphia, Pa.

U. S. SUB. FLOTILLA, 8TH DIV.—Albert W. Lawton, Jr., 179 Green st., Fairhaven, Mass.

U. S. NAV. BASE 29, CARIBBEA—P. H. Tuttle, P. O. Box 305, Somerville, N. J.

U. S. N. R. F., ANNAPOLIS RIFLE RANGE—Ernest Dalman, 121 Crescent st., Allegan, Mich.

U. S. N. PROVING GROUND, INDIAN HEAD, MD.—F. G. Dawson, 5740 Woodrow, Detroit, Mich.

SYRACUSE (N. Y.) CAMP BAND and HQ. Co.—Al Pearson, Legion Club, Mankato, Minn.

VETS. of A. E. F. SIBERIA—Reunion-banquet, Sept. 21, Claude P. Deal, 920 Chester Williams bldg., Los Angeles, Calif.

LEGION LAST MAN'S CLUBS—47th Last Man's Club, Cook Co., Chicago, Ill., will entertain all Last Man's Clubs of Legion. Walter Schalk, secy., 11 E. Hubbard st., Chicago, Ill.

AMERICAN VETERANS OF FOREIGN ALLIED ARMIES—Proposed reunion. R. J. Lewis, Apache Hotel bldg., Las Vegas, Nev.

HAWAIIAN LEGIONNAIRES—Present and former members of Hawaiian Legion Posts who plan to march in national convention parade are requested to write to Major W. J. Gilbert, past comdr., Fort Hamilton, Brooklyn, N. Y.

PARIS (FRANCE) POST—Proposed reunion of Legionnaires formerly of Paris Post. Jack E. Specter, Hotel Paris, West End av., New York City, or John A. Savasta, 7th Dist. Court, 314 W. 54th st., New York City.

MILITARY ORDER OF THE PURPLE HEART—Convention meeting. H. J. Lepper, natl. adjt., 343 High st., Newark, N. J.

NOTICES of reunions at times and places other than the Legion National Convention follow:

4TH DIV. ASSOC., CALIF. CHAP.—7th annual state reunion during Legion Dept. convention Stockton, Calif., Aug. 8. Edw. J. Maire, pres., 1170 N. Cummings st., Los Angeles, Calif.

4TH DIV. ASSOC., OHIO CHAP.—Annual reunion and banquet, Chittenden Hotel, Columbus, Ohio, Aug. 16, during Ohio Dept. Legion convention. W. D. Stelle, chmn, 6161 Westerville rd., Westerville, Ohio.

Soc. of 5TH DIV.—Annual reunion Hotel New Yorker, New York City, Sept. 4-6. Walter E. Aebischer, chmn., 1201 University av., New York City.

Soc. of 28TH DIV.—Annual reunion, New Castle, Pa., Aug. 5-7. All vets of 28th invited. Frank T. Sargent, secy.-treas., 444 Neshannock av., New Castle.

30TH DIV. A. E. F. ASSOC.—20th anniversary reunion, Greenville, S. C., Sept. 29-30. Broadus Bailey, Box 562, Greenville.

34TH (SANDSTORM) DIV.—Reunion, Des Moines, Iowa, Aug. 2-4 (changed from Aug. 8-10). Lacey Darnell, Webster City, Iowa.

37TH DIV. A. E. F. VETS. ASSOC.—19th annual reunion, Deshler-Wallick Hotel, Columbus, Ohio, Sept. 4-6. All vets eligible. Yearly dues of one dollar brings you the official publication, *The Division News*. Report to James A. Sterner, secy., 1101 Wyandotte bldg., Columbus. Also look for divisional headquarters at Legion National Convention in New York City.

76TH DIV., A. E. F.—Vets interested in organization of association, report to Frank Forbes, 49 Newcastle rd., Brighton, Mass. Vets of 248th M. P. Co. are also requested to contact Forbes.

78TH (LIGHTNING) DIV. ASSOC.—20th anniversary reunion, Camp Dix, N. J., Aug. 13-15. Richard T. Stanton, 1070 Anderson av., Bronx, N. Y., or John Kennedy, secy., New Hope, Pa.

80TH DIV. VETS. ASSOC.—20th anniversary reunion, Pittsburgh, Pa., July 29-Aug. 1. L. Powell, res. secy., Natl. Hq., 413 Plaza bldg., Pittsburgh.

18TH U. S. INF. ASSOC.—For roster, send name address, company, and dates of enlistment and discharge to A. B. Cushing, secy.-treas., P. O. Box 1771, El Paso, Tex.

101ST INF. VETS. ASSOC.—Convention, Woburn, Mass., Sept. 10-12, with parade on 12. Thomas Doherty, treas., Woburn, Mass.

127TH INF. VETS. ASSOC.—Biennial convention, Beloit, Wis., Aug. 21-22 (changed from Aug. 7-8). William N. Waugh, pres., Box 484, Beloit.

130TH INF. and 4TH ILL. VETS. ASSOC.—11th annual reunion, Olney, Ill., Oct. 2-3. Joe E. Harris, secy.-treas., Paris, Ill.

138TH INF.—Annual reunion, Btry. A. Armory, St. Louis, Mo., Aug. 14. Harry J. Dierker, 2813 Maurer dr., Velda Village, St. Louis County, Mo.

313TH INF.—20th anniversary reunion. Baltimore, Md., Sept. 25-26. 313th Inf. Reunion Assoc., 924 St. Paul st., Baltimore.

316TH INF. ASSOC.—Annual reunion, Philadelphia, Pa., Sept. 25. Raymond A. Cullen, secy., P. O. Box 5316, Philadelphia.

332d INF. ASSOC.—Annual reunion Akron, Ohio, Sept. 4-5. F. W. Cowles, secy., 59 Casterton av., Akron.

353D (ALL KANSAS) INF.—Annual Reunion and meeting, Topeka, Kans., Labor Day weekend, Sept. 4-6. Report to G. H. Burnett, regl. secy., 1827 E. 68th st., Kansas City, Mo.

355TH INF.—Annual reunion, North Platte, Neb., Sept. 12-13. Albert P. Schwarz, secy., Lincoln, Neb.

129TH INF., Co. A—6th annual reunion, Annie's Woods, DeKalb, Ill., Aug. 1. A. W. Leonhard, secy., 824 N. 4th, DeKalb.

Co. L, 140TH INF. CLUB—Veterans interested in new organization, report to L. E. Wilson, pres., 5905 Park, Kansas City, Mo.

Co. E, 168TH INF. VETS. (42d Div.)—Reunion, Shenandoah, Iowa, Sun., Sept. 5. Send name and address for roster to W. L. Beck, pres., Co. E Last Man's Club, Westboro, Mo.

325TH INF., Co. L—Annual reunion, Bridgway Hotel, Springfield, Mass., Sat. eve, Oct. 20. Vets interested in reunion dinner during Legion Natl. Conv. in New York City, write to Arthur W. Silliman, Ardley, N. Y.

359TH INF., Co. B—Annual reunion, Legion Hut, Denton, Tex., Sept. 12. Fred Hopkins, Jr., pres., Krum, Tex.

51ST PIONEER INF.—14th annual reunion, Hudson, N. Y., Sun., Sept. 12. Marx Brozio, chmn. reunion, State Armory, Hudson.

36TH PIONEER INF. ASSOC.—6th annual reunion, Monroe, N. C., Aug. 6. John R. Winchester, secy., Monroe.

108TH M. G. BN.—Reunion, Lancaster, Pa., Aug. 14-15. Russell Parry, secy., 1108 Allen st., Allentown, Pa.

112TH M. G. BN.—Annual reunion, Lemoyne, Pa., Sept. 4-6. Harry L. Millward, 24 Commerce st., High Spire, Pa.

313TH M. G. BN.—Reunion, Erie, Pa., Sun., Aug. 1. L. E. Welk, 210 Commerce bldg., Erie.

11TH F. A.—Annual (Continued on page 64)



AMERICAN LEGION PILGRIMAGE TO EUROPE

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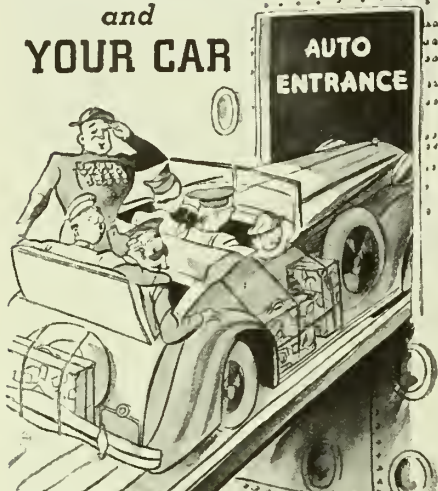
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Navy to the Rescue

(Continued from page 63)

reunion, Columbus, Ohio, Sept. 4-6. R. C. Dickie-son, 6140 Saunders st., Elmhurst, N. Y.

114TH F. A., BTRY. B—Proposed reunion banquet in Aug. E. P. West, 4001 Rogers rd., Chattanooga, Tenn.

312TH F. A. Assoc.—Annual banquet and reunion, Hotel Emerson, Baltimore, Md., Oct. 16. Memorial window installation service in chapel at Fort Meade, Md., Oct. 17. C. C. McClain, chmn., Penn. bldg., Philadelphia, Pa. Write L. A. Lees, editor, 1468 Drayton Lane, Penn-Wynne (Phila. P. O.), Pa. for copy of *The Monthly Barrage*, official paper.

322nd F. A. Assoc.—18th annual reunion, Miamisburg, Ohio, Sept. 11. L. B. Fritsch, secy., P. O. Box 324, Hamilton, Ohio, or Dr. F. K. Butt, pres., Miamisburg.

324TH F. A.—Annual reunion, Springfield, Ohio, Aug. 7-8. W. W. Rouch, chmn., Springfield, or H. W. Chivers, 40 W. Gay St., Columbus, Ohio.

327TH F. A.—Annual reunion, Taylorville, Ill., Sept. 12. C. C. May, secy., 1924 N. 5th st., Springfield, Ill.

328TH F. A. VETS. Assoc.—14th annual reunion, Hotel Durant, Flint, Mich., Sept. 4-6. Leonard J.

308TH MOTOR SUP. TRN.—Annual reunion Warren, Ohio, Sept. 4-6. Albert G. Vetter, 2849 Detroit av., Toledo, Ohio.

309TH AMMUN. TRN.—Annual reunion encampment, Shakamak State Park, 35 miles south of Brazil and Terre Haute, Ind., Sun., Sept. 5. Rations and quarters free to visiting comrades. H. E. Stearley, 403 N. Meridian st., Brazil, Ind.

314TH AMMUN. TRN.—Annual reunion, Fremont, Nebr., Aug. 8. Ray L. Spath, secy., Scribner, Nebr.

BASE HOSP. No. 36—20th annual reunion, Fort Shelby Hotel, Detroit, Mich., Sat., Aug. 14. Dr. Burt Shurly, 62 W. Adams av., Detroit, or J. W. Cordes, 1965 Porter st., Detroit.

BASE HOSP. No. 65—Annual reunion, King Cotton Hotel, Greensboro, N. C., Sept. 6. Roy C. Millikan, Box 1208, Greensboro.

EVAC. HOSP. 14—Reunion, Newport, R. I., Aug. 1. Albert A. Pratt, P. O. Box 604, Newport.

118TH AMB. Co., 5TH SAN. TRN., 30TH DIV.—8th reunion, Canton, N. C., July 29-31. Dr. Francis M. Davis, pres., Canton.

35TH AND 801ST AERO SQDRNS —Reunion, Gibson Hotel, Cincinnati, Ohio, Sept. 4-6. F. C. Erhardt, secy., 1256 E. LaSalle av., South Bend, Ind.



THE SALUTING DEMON OF THE A.E.F. PULLS A HEAVY ONE ON A HEAVYWEIGHT AT HEADQUARTERS IN 1918.

Lynch, adjt., 1747 Madison av., S. E., Grand Rapids, Mich.

60TH C. A. C., BTRY. A—Annual reunion, Russells Point, Ohio, Aug. 1. Rolland E. Cook, 1000 N. Mich. st., Plymouth, Ind.

313TH F. S. BN.—Annual reunion, Chamberlain Hotel, Des Moines, Iowa, Oct. 2. Dr. Chas. L. Jones, secy., Gilmore City, Iowa.

19TH ENGRS. (Rv.), Co. D—Proposed 20th anniversary reunion, Philadelphia, Pa., in Aug. Frank R. Elliott, 1807 N. Camac st., Philadelphia.

25TH ENGRS.—Proposed reunions of vets in the East, in St. Paul, Minn., and in Los Angeles, Calif. Report to C. K. McCormick, 2346 N. 6th, Harrisburg, Pa.

34TH ENGRS. VETS. Assoc.—Annual reunion, Fort Pitt Hotel, Pittsburgh, Pa., Sept. 5. George Remple, secy., 2521 N. Main st., Dayton, Ohio.

109TH ENGRS. Assoc.—Biennial reunion, Cedar Rapids, Iowa, Oct. 2-3 (correction from Oct. 23). L. O. Tisdale, secy.-treas., 1718 Park av., S. E., Cedar Rapids.

113TH ENGRS.—Annual reunion, Forest Park, Noblesville, Ind., Sept. 25-26. Proposed Legion National Convention reunion, New York City. F. C. Craig, secy., 55 Virginia av., Indianapolis, Ind.

308TH ENGRS. VET. Assoc.—17th annual reunion Coshocton, Ohio, Aug. 7-8. Lee W. Staffler, 1406 Campbell st., Sandusky, Ohio.

309TH ENGRS.—14th annual reunion, Evansville, Ind., Aug. 27-28. Claude L. Orr, secy., 678 S. Remington rd., Columbus, Ohio.

314TH ENGRS. VETS. Assoc.—Annual reunion, St. Charles, Mo., Sept. or Oct. Bob Walker, 2720a Ann av., St. Louis, Mo.

319TH ENGRS.—4th annual reunion, Stockton, Calif., Aug. 7, during Legion Dept. Convention. Kenneth S. Thomson, secy., 218 Central Bank bldg., Oakland, Calif.

50TH AERO SQDRN.—Annual reunion, Wheeling, W. Va., Sept. 4-7. J. Howard Hill, Hotel Portage, Akron, Ohio.

210TH AERO SQDRN.—3d annual reunion, Champaign, Ill., Aug. 14-15. H. S. Lewis, 107 E. White st., Champaign.

258TH AERO SQDRN.—Proposed reunion officers and men. Darrell S. Jones, 403 Trust bldg., Newark, Ohio.

800TH AERO REPAIR SQDRN.—Proposed reunion, Los Angeles, Calif., late summer or fall. Mearon E. Pollock, 306 N. Maple dr., Beverly Hills, Calif.

3n U. S. CAV. VETS. Assoc.—Annual reunion Fort Hayes Hotel, Columbus, Ohio, Aug. 21-23, during U. S. W. V. natl. encampment. Jake Wolf, Q. M. & treas., 833 Shriver av., Cumberland, Md.

AMB. Co. 35 VETS. Assoc.—6th annual reunion. Hotel Castleton, New Castle, Pa., Sun., Sept. 5. Harry E. Black, 140 E. Winter av., New Castle.

U. S. S. Solace—Annual reunion of former shipmates, Philadelphia, Pa., Sat., Nov. 6. Dr. R. A. Kern, University Hospital, Philadelphia.

VETS. of A. E. F. Siberia—Reunion with Calif. Legion Dept. Convention, Stockton, Aug. 8. Claude P. Deal, 2035 N. Highland av., Hollywood, Calif.

LEWES (DEL.) NAVAL BASE Soc.—Proposed reunion in Lewes, Del. W. A. Phillips, 956 Yeadon av., Yeadon, Del. Co., Pa.

ARMY & NAVY LEGION OF VALOR—47th reunion, Boston, Mass., Aug. 8-11. Ben Prager, natl. adjt., 314 Court House, Pittsburgh, Pa.

340TH INF. Co. C—8th reunion of Capt. Beglinger's company at American Legion club rooms, Sheboygan, Wisc., Sat., Aug. 7. Louis Resch, secy., 2127 N. 7th st., Sheboygan.

JOHN J. NOLL
The Company Clerk

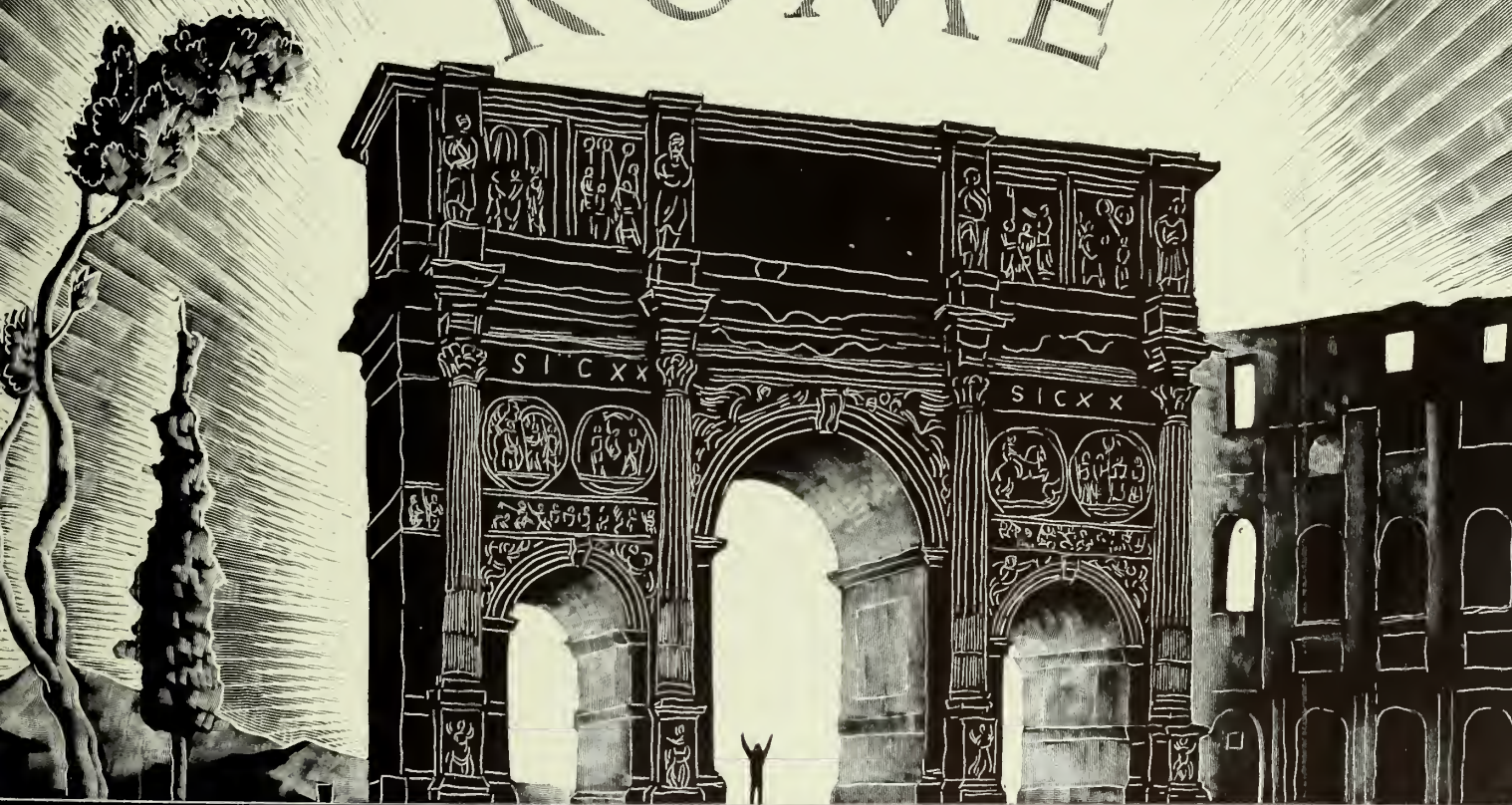
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How would your nerves stand up to two hours of this?



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AS the Miami, Florida, "Herald" said of Erl Roman's titanic struggle with the big fish shown above: "The battle was tough on Erl. He had his hands full staying in the fishing chair." But a sporting spirit and healthy nerves kept Roman going. After a 2-hour fight, he landed the second-largest blue marlin ever taken on rod and reel. Mr. Roman says: "Healthy nerves are neces-

sary for keeping on top of things. Camels don't interfere with my physical condition or get on my nerves." Above, right, Mr. Roman enjoys a Camel after his tense fight. "I make it a point," he says, "to smoke Camels with my meals and after 'for digestion's sake.'"

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